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NOVEL SERIES.

By this means we preserve for our own use, through all our lives, what our memory would have lost in a few days; and lay up a rich treasure of knowledge, for those that come after us. By the arts of Reading and Writing, we can sit at home and acquaint ourselves with what is done in all the distant parts of the world, and find what our fathers did, long ago, in the first ages of mankind.— WATTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. BLAND, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

HOWEVER contrary the individual properties of nature and art may on a cursory view appear to be, it is very generally allowed that neither of them can attain to perfection without the assistance of the other. Nature must always form the ground work of the picture, and art improve and mellow it into excellence. United they may perform wonders, but, if separated, their efforts must necessarily be limited and contracted; there is, however, this distinction to be observed between them, that art can never succeed in any considerable degree without nature, while nature is possessed of sufficient influence to charm and attract, independent of any aid which might be derived from art.

In no country perhaps (Italy alone excepted) has the study of music been cultivated with more assiduity or with greater success than in our own, nor is there any branch of science, at this time, held in higher estimation by the public; yet as the taste and style of music, as of every thing else, changes with the manners and inclinations of men, so also is our modern music considerably changed from that of our ancestors. Melody and harmony, which constitute the chief properties of music, are as essentially different as nature and art; the former partakes in a considerable degree of the qualities of nature, while art bears some resemblance to the latter. Without each other little excellence in the science can be produced, and our old masters appear to have been fully sensible of this principle, by the pains they have bestowed on the several parts of their compositions. Among the most celebrated composers of a former age, we may select Purcell as a distinguished example. His music is still admired, notwithstanding the revolutions

which have taken place in our taste since his days; his chaunts are grand and impressive, his cantatas unite sublimity, with pathos and expression, and one of the latter, beginning 'From rosy bowers,' may boast all the variety of the science with the additional merit of excellence in every part. The music of 'Macbeth' also, which is the production of Matthew Locke, is masterly and characteristic, and admirably fitted to the general effect of the play for which it was composed. Some other instances might be adduced to prove the excellence of our ancient masters, but these may for the present suffice, as it will now be necessary to trace the changes which have arisen since that period, in what is commonly termed our national music.

A more recent composer than those we have mentioned, the celebrated Dr. Arne, was, we believe, the first person who introduced the Italian style into our music, by bringing forward the only English Opera (taken in the strictest acceptation of the word), that our stage has ever possessed. His attempt succeeded, we imagine, not, from any additional interest or pleasure which was excited by the substitution of Recitative for Dialogue, but from the singular beauty and excellence of the music, which must have been a source of infinite gratification to the public, in whatever form it might have been presented to them. Notwithstanding however the merit of this Opera, and we are certainly among the warmest admirers of the music, we cannot but consider that it has formed, in some degree, a fatal precedent for the imitation of succeeding composers, who, in endeavouring to attain that distinguished fame which Dr. Arne so deservedly acquired, have totally neglected those lighter parts of the science in which they might have prospered, to attempt a task far beyond their ability to compass. This, we apprehend, has been the means of introducing a vitiated taste into our national music, which has deprived it of its former simplicity and grandeur, and substituted in its place an overstrained expression, and an affected delicacy, little calculated to atone for the loss of its former plain and unaffected style. We fear that this disposition is rapidly increasing among our present composers, who seem to be endeavouring to graft a foreign scion on our own British stock, which will gain an ascendancy over the branch it is intended to improve; and we are much afraid, if this system is persevered in, we shall see our national music frittered away into a style half Italian, half English, partaking neither the art of the one, nor the nature of the other.

What our national music has been, we refer to the old masters to prove; what it is now may easily be learnt from our modern composers. Some of them are contented with simple melody, others, neglecting that part of the science, devote their whole attention to harmony, and some there are (we fear a very considerable number), who pay little attention either to the one or the other. All, or nearly so, however, seem inclined to imitate the Italian style; but none have hitherto attained to any considerable degree of excellence. They are still but humble imitators, and their compositions are so meagre, and devoid of originality, that modern music is held in almost universal disrepute by those whose attachment to the science induces them to pay particular attention to its progress and improvement; indeed, the managers appear to have been convinced of this deficiency, as they have employed a different composer for almost every new Opera which they have brought forward within these few years. There are still, however, a few who we wish to except from this general censure. Bishop, who is a young composer, possesses very eminent talents, and seems to pay very uncommon attention to the harmony of his productions; and the veteran Shield has certainly great merit as a composer, although we regret to observe, that he has deviated from his former style to introduce the Italian mode into his recent compositions; yet we cannot congratulate him upon any improvement which his music has experienced on this occasion; we admire his simple songs, but we do not perceive much merit in his Polacias.

The modern composers, however, need not refer so far back as Purcell or Locke,

for examples of genuine English music. There are many eminent masters, who have maintained its fame without having recourse to the aid of foreign decoration. Among these we may mention a composer whose music is now in but little use, owing to the prevailing taste for the Italian style, although every one allows its merit. We mean Jackson, whose music is simple but uncommonly beautiful. To the productions of Carter also, the composer of 'Oh Nanny wilt thou gang with me,' they would do well to direct their attention; and there are some others, from whose works they might derive much useful information.

Whenever any innovation is made on an established system, some satisfactory reasons should be assigned for the change; and, in the present instance, we cannot perceive that the introduction of the Italian style, into the English music, has been productive of any good effect, but has in many respects destroyed the excellence which it formerly possessed. Indeed the change appeared to be the less necessary, as we have always had an Italian Opera in this country, to which the admirers of scientific music might resort; while English melody should have retained its ascendancy in our English Theatres. The music of Italy, we will readily allow, may boast many excellencies which will perhaps always claim a superiority over the English music; but as we do not mean to give it an unlimited preference, we shall endeavour to define in what particulars this superiority exists. With respect to science, it has an undoubted pre-eminence; the harmony is rich, distinct, and, in many instances, sublime; the execution full of taste and feeling; and the modulations soft and tender, yet varied with judgment and effect; the sound is indeed charming, but if we look for sense, we must certainly seek for it in the English music. When we hear an Italian breathing out woes in strains of music, we are pleased, perhaps delighted, with his performance, but we certainly cannot feel any interest in the scene before us. It is impossible to imagine that a Scipio would resign his claims to his rival in an air, or that Xerxes would warble his resentment at the supposed treachery of his mistress; but we apprehend that feelings of a very different nature may be excited by hearing a female express her sorrows in a soft or melancholy ditty. I have heard that many people have been sensibly affected by listening to the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and I can easily believe it, for the poetry and music have both sufficient merit to excite compassionate feelings in the minds of any auditors. For these reasons, therefore, we are induced to form a wish that the English music could be restored to its primitive state; for while we ascribe all due merit to the Italian music, we think our own has sufficient individual excellence to be retained in its original form, without resorting to the aid of foreign ornament.

Nothing is so well calculated to produce the end proposed in the foregoing pages, as the exertions of our vocal performers, and a determination on their part to adhere to the natural taste and feeling of our own music. High in the rank of English singers stands Mrs. Bland, who is no less distinguished for the excellence of her voice, than for the fame she has acquired in a style of singing, which has only simple nature to recommend it. In spite of the increasing taste for the Italian style, and the innovations of composers, Mrs. Bland has steadily persevered in the true English mode of singing, and to the praise of the public be it said, her conduct has uniformly received their support and applause.

Mrs. Bland's origin is rather obscure; her mother, whose name was Romanzini, was an Italian Jewess, and the first introduction of her daughter into public was by means of a Mr. Cady, hair-dresser to the Royal Circus. Having formed a high notion of her abilities, from having heard her sing when very young, he obtained an engagement for her at a trifling salary. The success which she experienced in her new situation, soon induced her to aspire to a regular stage; and shortly after she procured an engagement from Mr. Daly, who was at that time manager of the Dublin Theatre, where her increasing merit soon raised her high in the public estimation. Some time after this, when Mrs. Wrighten

quitted the stage, the managers found considerable difficulty in providing a substitute for that favourite actress. After much deliberation they fixed their choice on Miss Romanzini, who exerted her abilities so successfully in her new situation, as to obviate any regret which might have been entertained for the loss of her predecessor. The wide range of characters which she now assumed added greatly to her popularity, particularly that of the *Page* in 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' and the pleasing manner in which she warbled the air of 'The merry dance I dearly love,' heightened the effect of the piece, and was of great advantage both to herself and to the managers.

Having now acquired a fame highly gratifying to her feelings, in the summer of 1789 she went to Liverpool, where she became a great favourite; and it was about this time that she married Mr. Bland, brother to Mrs. Jordan, by whom she has several children.

From this time she was constantly assigned a part in every new musical piece which was produced at the theatre; in all of which she acquitted herself to the universal satisfaction of those who witnessed her performance.

Mrs. Bland's voice is clear, full, and harmonious; and if its compass is not so varied or extensive as that of some other singers, it is but justice to add, that she accomplishes all which she undertakes, and never attempts to execute any music to which her abilities are not fully equal. She has, however, infinite merit and judgment; she sings with great taste and feeling, yet in a simple and unadorned style; and she pays particular attention to the articulation of her words, which is a matter too little attended to in general by our female singers, although it is essentially necessary to give due effect to the music.

In the character of *Agnes*, in 'The Mountaineers,' which from its simplicity is well suited to the abilities of Mrs. Bland, she expresses the feeling and attachment of the faithful attendant in a very natural and affecting manner, particularly in those passages where she entreats her mistress to permit *Sadi* to accompany their flight, and when she interposes between her lover and *Octavian*. In this Drama, also, the well-known air of 'When the hollow Drum has beat to bed,' and the Duet with *Sadi*, 'Faint and wearily,' receive many additional charms from the sweet warble of Mrs. Bland. As *Madge*, in 'Love in a Village,' we are tempted to sympathise in the distress which she so naturally expresses when she sings "How happy were my days till now,' and the manner in which she reproaches her faithless lover with his perfidy is tender and interesting. *Phœbe*, in 'Rosina,' is likewise one of her shining characters, and the beautiful airs of Shield, 'When William at Eve' and 'There's fifty young Men,' are never more sweetly sung than by Mrs. Bland. As *Fanny*, in 'The Maid of the Mill;' *Jenny*, in 'Lionel and Clarissa;' *Josephine*, in 'The Children in the Wood;' and *Ninetta*, in 'The Wife of two Husbands,' she displays the same artlessness and simplicity which we have before remarked. In characters of this nature she certainly is not excelled by any one, and the approbation with which she is always received in them, confers equal praise on those on whom it is bestowed and by whom it is given.

As an actress, although she gives the text of her author with accuracy, she is not entitled to greater praise than the generality of female singers, and her figure, which is short and lusty, is little calculated for characters where elegance of deportment is required; we were therefore concerned to see a part assigned to her in the Opera of 'False Alarms,' to which she could not do justice in point of general appearance, although she sung the airs with great sweetness and effect.

As a singer of English ballads perhaps Mrs. Bland has not a rival. The song of 'The Beggar Girl' owes a great part of its popularity to the simple melody of her voice, as well as many of Hook's most favourite airs. From this peculiar excellence she is always selected to lead the vocal band at Vauxhall-Gardens during the summer, and we know not where the proprietors of that place could find a singer so well

calculated for that purpose, or who would give such general satisfaction to the public, as Mrs. Bland.

She is also frequently engaged at the Oratorios, where she executes the music assigned to her with great taste and delicacy; she imparts a great portion of interest to the music of Arne, particularly the 'Hymn of Eve,' and she is very successful in Marcello's Anthem 'O Lord our Governor,' and Back's pathetic air 'No more with unavailing woe;' and we recollect experiencing particular pleasure from hearing her sing Handel's Duet, 'My faith and truth,' with Mrs. Dickons, two or three seasons ago.

Having thus given a sketch of her abilities in the different branches of her profession, it now remains only to consider the character in which she is represented to our readers, and the piece from which it is taken. To criticise 'Blue Beard' as a regular performance would be absurd; the ingenious author, when it was first brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre, expressly stated, that he had written it for the public amusement in lieu of a pantomime, as the manager had not produced one that season. After this candid avowal, therefore, it would be ungenerous to consider the performance too severely, which, however, possesses greater merit than many of those pieces which have since appeared in imitation of it; and as it does not tend, like many others of the same description, to usurp the place of legitimate tragedy or comedy, we are disposed to be more lenient to its faults than we otherwise should be. The plot (if it may be so called) is too well known to need repetition here; it has long ranked as one of the most pleasing tales in the famed collection of 'Mother Goose,' and the author has contrived to adhere pretty closely to the original story, without rendering the piece either very frivolous or disgusting. There is, however, one part of it which we cannot pass without censure, we mean the songs, the poetry of which (if we can allow it the title) is absurd and puerile in the extreme; and this is the less excusable, because we know that the author is capable of producing much better things. By the aid of splendid scenery, tolerable music, and good acting, it experienced great success, and the applause which attended the revival of it, this season at Drury-Lane Theatre, seems to indicate that it has not lost its claims on the favour of the public, which may be considered rather an uncommon occurrence for this species of dramatic literature. Considerable changes have taken place in the performers; some of which are for the better, and others much otherwise; Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Bland are, we believe, the only persons who retain their original characters.

In the part of *Beda*, which is merely a singing character, Mrs. Bland has but little to do, but what she has she does well. There is a pleasing air, 'His sparkling eyes were black as jet,' which she warbles very prettily, and her Duet of 'Tink a Tink,' with Bannister, has been too much celebrated to need any comment here. Her talents are, indeed, on every occasion very justly appreciated by the public, which may be easily accounted for, by her undertaking no characters but those to which she can do ample justice; and while she continues to pursue so estimable a line of conduct, and to support the true style of English music in its pure and unperverted state, we may venture to assert, that she will continue to receive that favour and support which so constantly attend her, and to which her exertions are so well entitled.

J. W. S.

MISCELLANIES.

Many Books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome.—Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains.

MILTON.

POLITICAL PROGNOSTICS.

BACON, so celebrious during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, not less of a politician than a philosopher, thoroughly understood the importance of popular prophecies, and properly appreciated their eventual consequences. It is probably within the recollection of numbers of my contemporaries, that Richard Brothers alarmed the inhabitants of our metropolis by his denunciations of devastation; and that even Mr. Halhed, as distinguished for his literary attainments as for his gentlemanly integrity, stood up, in the British Commons, to vindicate and substantiate the verity of Brothers. Such circumstances ought to demonstrate to us the effects which may occasionally be produced by what I define to be Political Prognostics.

"Stars," says Young, I suppose as a divine, in the profound poem intituled his 'Night Thoughts,' "teach as well as shine." So thought, and so also taught, the astrologers of antiquity; and so thinks, even at the opening of the nineteenth century of christianity, the mysterious editor of the almanack called 'Vox Stellarum;' published under the authority of our government, and, though he has been many years dead, still sanctioned by the venerable name of 'Francis Moore, Physician.' Thus, then, the voice of prophecy is not wholly ceased from among mankind.

Nor are the prophecies of Francis Moore, however derived by the assistance of astronomical telescopes, to be considered as apocryphal. Long did he predict, this minor prophet, the explosion of the modern political volcano. Kindly did he forewarn, even but some months since, the late Sultan Selim, of Turkey, respecting his impending destruction; and, in his Almanack for 1809, he seems seriously to admonish us of events which are every day becoming more probable.

Francis Moore (for so let us allow to his successor, as well as to the notable successor of Sylvanus Urban, the privilege of assuming, like other potentates, the name of the founder of his astrological authority,) commences the 'Vox Stellarum' of this year, after stating the general "Mal-Configurations of the Planets" (and most surely do the stars still appear to fight against us,) with a "Form of Prayer", which, admirable for its conciseness, might be safely enlisted, at any future time, under similar circumstances, into the service of our ecclesiastical establishment.—"God," saith our most religious astrologer, "direct the affairs of his Majesty of Great Britain; prosper his most Honourable Privy-Counsellors, in all affairs of Government; and infatuate all his Enemies!" Without enquiring how far Francis Moore stands indebted, for the composition of this his supplication, to the loyal anthem commonly called 'God save the King,' still its general character, whether as to comprehensiveness no less than conciseness, is deserving all possible commendation.

As many pious persons are of opinion that praying is better than fighting, that it is safer for individuals and quite as useful to the community, and have hence established,

throughout his Majesty's dominions, as good and liege subjects, continual "Prayer Meetings for the Nation," so Francis Moore, as we now see, prays before he predicts. His piety, however, goes further than evangelical prayerfullness. Having no concern with the charity of religion, being more of the Deist than the Christian, Francis Moore disdains to submit to the precept by which we are enjoined to pray for our foes, to love those who hate us, and to bless those who curse us; and, accordingly, as he begins his Almanack with a Prayer for his Country, he concludes it with an Anathema against its Adversaries.—"Let the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland," exclaimeth he, "with the Sacred Ruler of them, be ever happy; and let the Bolts of Heaven's Anger fall upon such People who love not England's Peace and Interest! Amen." His anathematory prayer, unlike his benedictory prayer, is solemnly asseverated by his 'Amen,'---as though, if he failed to invoke blessings, he knew how to denounce curses; and to convince us that, however we might be disappointed in obtaining any good for ourselves, he desired nothing but evil to our enemies. Whatever men may think as to the philanthropy of Francis Moore, his patriotism seems, therefore, to be unquestionable.

It is not until the present month, March, that Francis Moore affords us any degree of political consolation. He now promises "*Wise and deliberate Councils.*" Has he not here most sagaciously anticipated our senatorial investigation of the Charges against the Duke of York, which, no one can deny, has been conducted with patient attention, indefatigable solicitude, and with the most admirable impartiality. Our annual prophet menaces us, it cannot be concealed, with *something* "*which may leaven the old Lump*, and give a *fresh Ferment to former Evils*; but of this," says he, and so say I, "let Time determine." Seeing that we are not likely to have much to do with the "Pope and Italian Princes," who are to be greatly embarrassed;" and hoping that we shall wisely keep aloof from "Revolu- and great Alterations," especially as connected with the "Councils of Princes," I pass on to the approaching momentous month, which, according to my astrologer, is pregnant with events.

Amidst "Insurrections and Wars," the "Motions of Armies," and various "Misfortunes and Miseries," Francis Moore assures us, that during the May of this year, there is portended "*Loss of Honour*," or the "Death of a great Prince," also of a "*Military Commander of the First Degree!!*" "The Arm of the Lord," adds Francis Moore, with singular significance, "has been (and is still) stretched out over the Nations in a very direful Manner." Here are indeed tremendous threatenings! Well might Francis Moore cry out, as he does, in verse, not unworthy of Sternhold and Hopkins,—

I stand amaz'd! alas, my tim'rous Quill
Is stopp'd by Grief, and loth to shew its Skill,
To see what *Aspects* in *This Month* are rang'd!
What can they *Mean?*

Verses, at the head of May, 1809.

Some comfort, however, let us take; since, in the month of June, and while the "Greatest Politicians and Statesmen find Work enough," it is now that "*an Eminent Commander acts with great Prudence.*"

Still, alas! no sooner are we benefitted by the prudential deportment of one eminent commander, than, as in the month of July, "*A warlike Officer meets Disgrace!*" From plague and pestilence and famine, as well as from battle and murder, we shall, it seems, soon find causes enough to pray heartily for deliverance! "How happy," therefore, saith our seer, "is he that can, in a quiet homely Cottage, contemplate the Universe as his own; and in it the sun, moon and stars, the pleasing meadows, shady groves, green banks, and stately trees!" Yes, happy he who can thus hug himself; and say, with Cowper,

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world!

If, as Francis Moore also poetically predicteth,

Now troops, appointed from all parts, prepare
To try their strength, once more, in bloody war;
For so the Stars, by thwarting Motions, shew
A storm at hand, with Blood and Ruin too:

if, I say, these things are so to happen, there will be few of us who may not sigh, in the lines of 'The Task,'

Oh! for a cave in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every-day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

"Happy," indeed then, as adds Francis Moore's Almanack, for 1809, "are they that live free from the fear of Armies and Armed Men; that dread not the sound of Drums and Trumpets, nor are frighted with the Noise and miseries of War!"

Now advances the month of kings, August, when, just as one could wish, though "the Troubles on the Continent of Europe increase," though "the Germans" are to be "Amazed," while "the Swedes are active," and "the Russians and the Danes rather incline to Friendship. *News*, pleasing and good, arrives to *England*." This gratifying intelligence is, if right I read, to come to us from *Turkey* and *America*. Painful it is to discover, amidst such pleasing tidings from abroad, that, at home, "*Accusations* are preparing against *Offenders*," with "Libels and Reports." But this is the doing of him, who, as good Francis Moore sings or says, does still

"....Curb lofty princes, makes them know,
"His hand it is that governs all below."

September is ushered in with "lucid Appearances (Lights of the North and Fights in the Clouds) in the Air," whence, soon after, "visible *Mutations and Calamities in Kingdoms and Cities*." A pretty prospect all this! "I wish," subjoins honest Francis, "*all* may be *well* in *Ireland* (who but wishes the same?); though it looks as if some more *Mischief* was contriving *in that Country*." Right, plain Frank! and yet, as Hamlet has it, "*I know not seems*" Mercy upon us, with all this "*Perjury*" and "*Plotting*" and "*Sedition*," whereof our friend Francis warneth us, what will become of us this year?

Nothing striking is portended of October, which, as "Great Things are then depending and Managed with much Secrecy," seems rather introductory to the occurrences described in the succeeding November. Let such "busy *Active Spirits*," however, as are prone to "create themselves *Trouble*," and are likely so to do during the ensuing month of *October*; take heed; and remember, once for all, that there are such things as *Courts of Law*, an *Attorney-General*, and *Judges*—that *Term* always begins in *November*, and that there are such receptacles as the *Fleet Prison* and the *King's Bench* and *Newgate!!!*

November is, it appears, to be quite as gloomy as the most melancholic among us can possibly conceive or desire. It is now that "*the Actions of the World seem to rise high, and Men, at this time, are Not easily Contented!*" It is now that "*a Great Statesman meets his Period*, and is not much lamented." And now it is, on the review of these events, that we are called upon, by Francis Moore, "*to amend our Lives, and pray to God to divert his Judgments, which, by the Signs of Heaven, are impending!*"

Now, "courteous reader!" what sayest thou to the Voice of the Stars? Has it not, indeed, been already attended to by one of the most illustrious personages of these imperial kingdoms, who, (doubtless seeing in what manner we are admonished "to amend our lives!") not content with refraining from privately cloaking or dissembling transgression, publicly confesses, "with the deepest concern," that his "name has been coupled with transactions the most criminal and disgraceful;" and, in the same way, "regrets and laments, that a connection should ever have existed, which has thus exposed his honour and character to public animadversion?"—Certes this is fully acting upon the advice laid down by our most religious astrologer, who, in order to "Divert the Judgments of God," openly exhorted us, months ago, to use "our Endeavours to amend our Lives!"

Princes may attend to the Voice of the Stars; but Statesmen, much cause is there to think, will still turn to it the deaf ear While the stars fight against them, they

will still fight against the stars; and honest Francis Moore, like many of his predecessors in propheeying, will have the honour of an audience without the credit of belief. Britain, as Francis Moore asserts, without much risk of contradiction, still "groans under the pressure of heavy taxes, and other burdens, heretofore unknown;" and, he might add, will groan, as long as she perseveres in the policy to which she owes her misfortunes. Britain will not learn the fate of the foe with whom she is contending. It is not for us to perceive, with Francis Moore, that one Man, born forty years since in the Island of Corsica, would afterwards "act his part upon the Stage of Europe, with so much success that it would not be in the power of any Prince, or King, or Nation, to resist him effectually!" No; instead of any thing like setting on foot "a Negotiation for a General Peace," mankind must endure another "Summer of Expeditions and War and Bloodshed," and ourselves employ "the Emperor of France in contriving and carrying on designs against our Land and Nation." Seed-time and harvest, among human blessings, seem alone likely to remain with us! "All countries sigh," as well they may, "for a Cessation of Hostilities."

March 14, 1809. *Bifrons.*

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

IT has been said that "no one is so busy as he who has nothing to do;" and although this at first appears to be a manifest inconsistency, perhaps our cooler judgment may incline us to consider this assertion as having greater foundation in truth than is generally allowed. Time is applied by various people to various purposes: many misapply it, and none apply it so well as they might, yet we all agree in complaining of its short duration, without reflecting that the time which is lost by every one, in a greater or less degree, would be found more than sufficient for every purpose of our lives. We forget, that to keep pace with time not an hour should be suffered to pass unnoticed—procrastination will insensibly steal like a habit upon us, and we shall perceive days and years to pass away, without having resolution sufficient to shake off the slothfulness of custom or inclination, so as to make such a proper use of the fleeting hours as shall leave us no cause to regret their departure. Lord Bolinbroke, in his Letter on the Use of Retirement and Study, has very justly observed, that "the term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty." Like the miser with his hoards, we are perpetually craving for more, although we know not how to make a good use of that which we already possess.

It is the constant practice of many to postpone whatever they have to do till a future time: nothing is more dangerous or delusive than this custom; a thousand things may intervene to prevent the accomplishment of our intentions, and unless some sufficient reason could be assigned for the delay, it might be very justly observed, that we hazard a great deal to gain nothing. To put off till to-morrow that which may be done to-day, is but, in other words, to gratify our own sluggishness or inactivity. Some employment may be found for every day, and there is no one, however far removed he may be from the customary pursuits and avocations of life, but may discover some means of appropriating his time, so as to render it beneficial to himself and others. Whoever has observed human nature attentively will have remarked, that persons of an active disposition are rarely unemployed, but that it requires more than ordinary care to rouse others who may be of an indolent habit into any degree of exertion. It does not depend so much upon

what we have to do, as whether our inclinations may prompt us to do it. Many contrive to be of service to society, without having any fixed or settled employment; while others, who have numerous motives for exertion, waste their time in fruitless inactivity, neglecting those duties which, in the several relative capacities of husband, father, child, brother, or friend, every one has to fulfil.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written in praise of ease and retirement, I am persuaded that no state is so capable of affording happiness as that of constant employment. It is certainly desirable that ever hour should bring its occupation, and whatever it may be, I am convinced it will engage the mind so fully, as to leave no vacancy remaining for repining or discontent, but on the contrary, when the accomplishment of our taste shall afford us leisure, we shall look back with complacency on our own exertions, and feel that we have not been altogether unworthy members of society, but have applied our time so as not only to escape censure, but to deserve praise.

It would be well for every one if they would inquire at the end of the week, how they have spent the last seven days, and whether the retrospect will afford them satisfaction. We fear, indeed, if this were to be the case, that every one would find something to repent of, either from applying time to improper purposes, or not applying it to any purpose whatever; yet we should either way obtain a salutary lesson, and it would depend on ourselves to make a proper use of it.

For those, however, who take no active share in the general affairs or transactions of the world, a fixed and constant employment is as essentially necessary, as for others who are busily engaged in it, since the latter have always some object in view, which is an advantage the former do not possess. From having no settled employment indeed, even if they are disposed to exert themselves, while they are hesitating in what manner to appropriate their time, the day steals insensibly away and they decide on nothing. Another day comes, and their resolution is not fixed, and thus months and years pass away without advantage even to those who are actively disposed. How then goes the time with those who are naturally indolent: they indulge in their inactivity, they repine at every thing which requires exertion, and they put off from day to day those things which ought to be accomplished immediately. A fixed employment would prevent all this waste of time, the active would not have occasion to consider where their services were required, and the indolent would be stimulated to exertion by the incitements of emulation or self-interest.

To detach ourselves from society, and to resign those active scenes of life, where employment is always to be found, ought rather to be shunned than desired. Even the cares of this world, by giving us an interest in the actions of others, are in some degree beneficial, as they tend to attach us to society. Whatever may be the vices or follies of the age, however inconsistent or delusive the actions and professions of men, we ought not to reject all because some are unworthy. Society is still valuable, and if we are too frequently disgusted with the presumption of ignorance or licentiousness, there is still sufficient virtue remaining to atone for all this corruption in human nature, if we would exert ourselves to seek it with perseverance and assiduity, and learn to respect it wherever it is found. But to fly to solitude because we are displeased with the world, is as unavailing as it is injudicious. A want of employment will generate a fretfulness in our disposition, which will corrode all our happiness. We shall lose the allurements of hope, and the hours will pass listlessly away without notice, regard, or enjoyment.

I do not know from whence a more striking instance of this nature can be adduced than from one of Shenstone's letters to a friend, which I have seen published, though I cannot now recollect where. Shenstone was a warm enthusiastic admirer of nature, with taste to embellish and ability to improve it, as far as human fancy could extend. Yet in the midst of an earthly paradise, a spot scarcely to be equalled in the kingdom, he

confessed that he was not happy, and that he had not sufficient intercourse with the world to feel any interest in the common occurrences of life. His days passed without pain indeed, but they were also without pleasure. While he was engaged in perfecting his improvements, his mind was employed, and he had no leisure to nourish discontent, but when his wishes were accomplished, and he had no longer any object to which he could look forward with expectation or pleasure, he beheld every thing around him without regard, and he sighed for a variety, which all the beauties of his Leasowes could not afford him. He acknowledged to his friend that it was wrong to turn aside from the turnpike-road of life, and to forsake the customary avocations of the world; and if Shenstone could not be happy in retirement, who is there that can expect to be so? He very likely rose without knowing how to pass the day, and retired to rest because he was wearied with indolence—he had no settled occupation for his hours—every species of employment became gradually wearisome from frequent repetition, inactivity produced regret, and hence he became discontented and unhappy.

Without hope we shall always become indifferent to the transactions of the world, and cherish a disgust inimical to the better feelings of our nature. To prevent so depressive a state of mind, constant employment is the most effectual means. We shall, it is true, in this as well as in every other occupation of our lives, meet with vexation and disappointment, yet it may be confidently hoped that we shall find many advantages to counteract our cares, and if our lives be chequered with good and evil, we shall still keep hope in view, to cheer us in the hour of affliction, and animate us in the time of success; and while our endeavours are directed to promote the general welfare of mankind, we shall feel an inward satisfaction resulting from time well spent, sufficient to support us in every misfortune, with which the wisdom of an over-ruling Providence may think fit to afflict us.

B. S. E.

HYMENÆUS.

(Translated from a Greek manuscript, some time since discovered in the possession of an ancient Greek family, in the Island of Zia, *in the Archipelago.*

ZYGIA, loveliest of women, favoured art thou by Juno. The notes of congratulation have awakened thee from the nuptial couch; thou art arisen with new blushes; joy revels in thy smiles, while modesty depresses thy eyes, which are rivetted upon the ground.

Hark!—the Hymenæal harmony again resounds! Who shall refuse to shout aloud,

Hymen, Hymenæus, O! Hymen, Hymenæus!

HYMENÆUS was the most beautiful of the youths of Athens. His yellow hair rolled in curls over his forehead, and in waves of voluptuous curls over his shoulders. His azure eyes were brilliant with the ardour of his soul, yet were they more mild than the last beams that die along the unruffled waters. His form surpassed that of the golden winged *Eros*, the favourite son of *Venus Acidalia.*

O! Hymen, Hymenæus, O! Hymen!

Hymenæus loved the fairest of the maidens of Athens. His cheeks became pale: his eyes were red with tears; for he was long without hope. The parents of the virgin were powerful; they were proud, and denied him access to their dwelling. He pined in his heart, for he was poor and despised: his yellow ringlets hung dishevelled and neglected over his forehead: his cheeks became pale: his eyes were red with tears.

O! Hymen! Hymen! Hymenæus, Hymen!

Oppressed with sorrow, tortured with anxiety, Hymenæus dropped in langour beside the altar of the Goddess of Love: "O Venus," he had cried, "O hateful Venus! O thou bestower of deep misery! "wherefore am I thus tormented? my eyes "close not: my thoughts rest not! I burn "with unextinguishable fire: I tremble "with unceasing inquietude! I am in need "of food, for my limbs waste away, but I "desire not to eat: the moisture is exhaled "from my lips, but streams of nectar "would not tempt me to drink. O have "pity on me Venus! have pity on me thou "most lovely of the celestial powers! Why "should'st thou be the bestower of deep "misery?" As he spake he fell in a trance of irresistible faintness beside the altar of the Goddess!

O! Hymen! O Hymenæus, Hymen! O Hymen!

In his trance he beheld the waves of the ocean: they rolled against the shore with sounds more sweet than the cadence of the distant flute: a purple brilliancy was shed over them; yet the chariot-wheels of Apollo touched them not, nor was the star of the morning above them. Stillness was wide extended around: it was a stillness that smiled: it was the stillness of expected joy! Each rock seemed mantling with refulgent light: the groves that surrounded the shore shone with intense brightness: the air and the water glowed with increasing and dazzling lustre; and suddenly, amid the suffusive radiance, arose the Goddess of Love!

Hymen! Hymenæus, Hymenæus, Hymen!

"O foolish youth!" exclaimed the divinity with a tender smile, "O foolish youth! "dost thou sink beneath the miseries of "Love? art thou so dull, thou foolish "youth? Can'st thou love and not desire? "can'st thou desire and not hope? can'st "thou hope and not obtain? Is love, "in thee, without energy? is energy "without ardour? is ardour without ex"pectation? is expectation without strata"gem? is stratagem without success? "Away thou foolish youth! Thou hast "not love if thou hast not hope, if thou "hast not energy, if thou hast not stra"tagem, if thou hast not success. The love "which thou deplorest was given thee to "elevate thy mind, to actuate thy imagi"nation, to render thee the happiest "among mortals, to place thee among the "most revered of the divinities. Away, "thou foolish youth! it is not for thee to "sink beneath the softly-impulsive mise"ries of love."

O Hymenæus, Hymen! O Hymenæus, Hymen!

The goddess vanished: but the ocean, the resplendant rocks, the nodding groves, and the verdant hills still appeared to surround them. A sacred procession wound about the hills, and extended along the beach. It was composed of the virgins and matrons of Athens. A solemn silence reigned amid the female train. Suddenly, a vessel was seen with swelling sails and frothy prow, sweeping across the billows. Its keel grates along the shelving coast. The crew leap upon the banks or wade through the waters: they seize the females. One of the marriners, with uplifted sword, had clasped a virgin in his arms, and rent her veil! She cries aloud for help. It is her whom Hymenæus loves,—it is the adored of Hymenæus. In his trance he utters an impatient shriek:—in his trance he strives to rush to her assistance!—He awakes!....

Hymen! Hymen! Hymen! O Hymenæus!

He returns to his dwelling: his thoughts agitated; yet had visionary hope excited the powers of his mind. The household Gods smiled upon him as he entered; and on his couch he found the habiliments of a female. On the girdle was inscribed "*Hail Demeter! sustainer of earthly life!*" and on the floor stood the *calathion*, the sacred basket of Ceres: "O Venus! celestial Venus!" he exclaimed, "thou bestower "of exalted hope! these gifts are thine! "the vision which I have seen was from "thee! from thee be also its success! "What thou suggestest cannot be profa"nation! Is not this the second day of the "*Eleusina?* prepare not the matrons and "virgins of Athens for the rites of the "ocean? O thou Vision, what dost thou "present to my imagination? O mother of

" the fruits of the earth! Ceres! admit " me among thy *mystæ!*"—A voice replied " Thou art admitted! Hymen! preserver " of mystic bonds! thou art admitted.—

Hymenæus! Hymenæus! Hymen, Hymenæus!

Hymenæus clothed himself in the sacred habit. He joined the procession, which was already proceeding towards the shores of the ocean. He bore the basket of oblations on his head, and beneath his robe he concealed a sword. He beheld the virgin whom he loved, and he approached her. He gazed upon her; and as he gazed the tear of ecstacy glistened in his eye, and he breathed it with hesitation. Loud and sonorous were the notes of melody,—deep and awful was the holy verse. The procession arrives at the waters of the sea, when from the concealment of a caverned rock rushed forth a band of pirates. The terrified women endeavoured to fly. On every side the banditti throng, and seize their trembling victims. Many are instantly hurried into the vessel. Hymenæus throws aside his female attire, and brandishing his faulchion, attacks the ravishers. Before the virgin whom he loved fell, in heaps, her impetuous assailants. The pebbles and the shells on the sea-shore float in blood, and her footsteps are encircled with the dead.—She shrieks: she attempts to fly; but she is impelled towards the bark by the numbers that crowd around her and her defender. They rush towards her like the hounds of Diana that have selected for their prey the most beautiful stag of the forest,

O Hymen—Iō! Hymen! Hymenæus! Hymen!

Loveliest of the virgins of Athens! thou art torn from the arms of thy defender! the hands of barbarians enfold thy waist: they defile thy tresses: they rend thy robes: they violate thy panting breasts and ivory limbs! they hold thee with savage force, and prevent thee from throwing thyself amid the waves from the side of the vessel. How sad is the lamentation of thy companions, how dreadful are the turbulent shouts of the ferocious banditti! Some clasp their weeping prizes in their boisterous arms: some, with trepidation, drag up the anchor: many contend with Hymenæus, who hath leaped upon the prow, as a lioness, robbed of her whelps, leapeth amid a company of hunters.

Hymen! Iō Hymenæus! Iō Hymen!

" Athenais! protectress! goddess of just contention! is not Athens thine own city? preserve her daughters, O Pallas! succour their defender!" It was thus that Venus addressed her divine sister: her sister who loves her not and doth not often regard her. But now the azure-eyed goddess of wisdom listened to the divinity who presides over love. They flew together from Olympus. They alighted on the bark of the Pirates, at the moment that Hymenæus was drooping, wounded and exhausted beneath the numbers of his adversaries. The lovely object of his ardour had extended her arms towards him. The captive daughters of Athens, amidst their shrieks of horror, poured forth prayers for his success.

Iō, Iō! Hymen! Hymenæus! Hymen!

Minerva, unseen, spread her ægis around him, and all the influence of Venus re-animated his bosom. His faulchion, which already dropped with gore, as the branches of the thick cypress drop with rain after a storm, flew in rapid circles on every side. The barbarians fell before him as the rustling reeds of the rivulet fall before the sickle of the sturdy peasant, who, at the close of autumn, hastens to thatch his cottage against the northern blast. Their chieftain groaned beneath his feet: those who remained alive would have fled, but they were now far from shore, and the apparent depth of the waters opposed their flight. They yield to the wide-sweeping faulchion of Hymenæus: they expire around him: dreadful were the groans of the dying: dreadful were the streams of blood that flowed over the sides of the vessel and mingled with the waves. The helmsman hung gasping across the rudder, and those who tended the sails writhed in agony upon the lofty prow. The undirected vessel was carried swiftly along upon the current of the waters.

Hymen! Iō, Iō, Iō! Hymen! Hymenæus!

The daughters of Athens prostrated themselves before their deliverer! the arms of

her, whom his soul adored, encircled his knees! The softest voice of congratulation saluted his ear, and his bosom throbbed with transcendant transport!—In the mean time the shores of Eubæa appeared in sight, and Hymenæus, seizing the helm, steered the vessel with her valuable burden, into a hollow bay, where the waves beat heavily against the strand. The caverned rocks echoed to the lightest wind; and a wide uninhabited tract of desert spread dismally on every side. They landed. A temple, dedicated to Neptune, stood, solitary, upon a lofty headland. Thither Hymenæus conducted the beautiful daughters of Athens, and having consigned them to the care of the priests, he hastened privately to the vessel according to the suggestions of Minerva.—The form of Venus, manifest in celestial loveliness, sat at the prow: the divine figure of Pallas, irradiate with wisdom, appeared at the helm. They both smiled upon Hymenæus: they imparted intelligence to his soul, energy to his bosom, and lustre to his countenance. He adored them in silence, while gladness and animation more than human beamed over all his limbs!

Hymenæus! Hymen! Hymen! Hymenæus!

The rapid sailing vessel enters the port of Athens. The beach is covered with fathers and brothers. The mournful men of Athens, having their arms folded upon their breasts, and their eyes fixed upon the surges, stand in melancholy silence along the beach. Often their eyes sink in despair, and tears, unrestrained, drop upon their folded arms. They behold the approach of the vessel: they rush to the spot where its keel indents the strand. Hymenæus listens to their enquiries—to their accusations,—with calm resolution. They regard the blood stained vessel with horror. A thousand fearful thoughts arise in their breasts: their visages are pale with suspicion;—their eyes glisten with madness.—They are about to immolate the preserver of the lovely daughters of Athens to the violent suggestions of their rage.—But lo!—their tutelary goddess bestows all her celestial emanation on their devoted victim: they stand, restrained with awe, and listen submissive as he speaks. Thus subside the billows,—thus ceases the blast of the storms as soon as the beamy star of Castor glistens upon the horizon and sparkles along the ocean.

Hymen! Hymenæus! O Hymen!

"Athenians!" exclaimed the youth, "I "am the preserver of your daughters and "of your sisters. The blood at which you "shudder is the blood of their purposed "ravishers. The maidens of Athens are "safe. But not for you did I preserve "them. Have I not a right, by the laws "of Athens, to the ransom of captive citi- "zens whom my arm has saved from de- "struction. I preserved them for myself; "I preserved them for that ransom!— "Athenians! you have known me poor "and vile, and wretched, and despised, yet "will I ask not gold. Consent that he, "whom you have so often reviled, shall "espouse one of the maidens whom he "hath preserved." The Athenian fathers were proud: they were revolted at the low origin of Hymenæus: yet each hoped it might not be his daughter whom the youth would demand. They consented. Hymenæus demanded her whom his soul adored, and hastened to restore the daughters of Athens to their parents,

Hymenæus! Hymen! Hymen! Hymenæus!

Innumerable vessels accompanied the youth to the shores of Eubæa. The music of joy resounded along the waters. Notes of transport swelled through the caverned rocks, and were heard at the temple of Neptune. The maidens hastened to the sea shore, and rushed into the embraces of those they loved. She, the happy reward of their deliverance, yielded with tender submission, to him who adored her.—Crowned with chaplets of flowers, and in saffron veils, they passed through the midst of Athens. Around Hymenæus spread divine emanation. His mein became like one of the deities of Olympus. The beams of the morning are less bright than his countenance: the glory of expanding spring is less vivid than his smile. As jupiter, in the month *Thargelion*, with looks of beneficence and celestial ardour, regards the

Queen of Heaven, and imprints that divine kiss upon her lips that seals the renovated happiness of Nature, so did Hymenæus regard her whom his soul adored. Above them Minerva moved on the border of a floating cloud: before them Eros the golden-winged offspring of Venus, waved his heavenly pinions. Juno herself threw roses on the nuptial couch, and Venus suspended, with her own hands, wreaths of Cyprian myrtle amid the sacred curtains. A voice, like the voice of Jove himself, softened with the tenderness of benevolent joy, was heard aloud, saying,—"Hail! all "hail! thou new Divinity; the bonds of "human happiness are thine."

O Hymenæus, Hymen, Hymen, Hymenæus!

CRITICAL QUACKERY.

Mala soluta navis exit alite
Ferens olentem Mævium.
HOR.

A RACE of judges has arisen, in modern times, unknown to the jurisprudence of ancient literature. Some of these have their monthly meetings, and dispense their sentences under blue paper covers with great dictatorial authority. Others, and they a more recent tribe, with greater majesty of bulk, promulgate their irrevocable decrees at quarterly sessions only, and thereby claim higher reverence. These judges, whether of the former or the latter class, set aside all the recorded statutes of literary jurisdiction; all precedents; all principles, whether originating from nature herself, or from the study of antecedent authors; and by that exquisite power of perception called *their own opinion*, which, they say, every man has a right to use as he pleases, they pronounce their verdicts, without consulting any jury, and that with more effrontery than either a Judge Page, or a Judge Jefferies would have dared to have assumed.

How this wonderful faculty of determining the value of any literary production by the unerring standard of *one's own opinion*, is acquired, might be worth the trouble of examining. OPINION is of many, and of very distinct, species. It may be *involuntary*, like that of the ladies, who frequently profess that "they cannot help thinking so and so." It may be *residentiary*, like that of members of parliament, who "rise to support the opinion of their side of the house." It may be *secret*, like that of gentlemen at the bar, who assure "his *Ludship* that they have very good reasons for believing such a matter to be true or false," It may be *decided*, like that of fops, wits, politicians, and men-milliners, who can swear, wrangle, or simper, without any argument, pro or con, that "such is their decided opinion." Or, lastly, it may be *resolute* and *unaccountable*, like that recommended by Sterne, which may be pleased or displeased, the owner knows not why, and cares not wherefore!

A good, downright, modern reviewer, will possess all these sorts of opinions. If he pretends to be a man of taste, his opinion will certainly resemble that of the ladies. If he is attached to party, he forms his opinion like an *M. P.* If a bank-note happens to have dropped between the leaves of the book under examination, he has all the reasons of the barrister for his opinion. Should he boldly think for himself, he is directly as decided as a lord or a staymaker. If the work is recommended by his own patron, he can immediately be pleased, he knows not why, and he cares not wherefore.

But there are reviewers without any expressed opinion at all. These are the happy

pupils of some Sunday schools, who are taught to read and not to write. These reviewers make their marks *aphazard* upon the margin of the work submitted to their judgment; and the printer, or the printer's devil, throws in a line or two, from any loose frame, between the *extracts*. These are the most entertaining of all the critical fraternity: their labours are the most read, cost less to the publishers, and are truly as edifying as any of the rest.

This diversity of opinion, and this no opinion at all, among professed critics, have been thought detrimental to the interests of literature. They, however, serve for provender to fill half the *maw* of a SATIRIST, notorious for the rhetorical rancour of its monthly appetite. This deadly SATIRIST, in a crimson wrapper, stamped with the insignia of its contributors, a birch rod and a fool's cap, struts forth with a *fe, faw, fum!* and would, if it could, be as mischievous as any giant that Tom Thumb ever slew; but having uttered a great deal of nastiness, turned all methodism into balderdash, and punned upon all the words of similar sounds that are collected together, to the great advantage of Mr. Theodore Hook and Mr. Thomas Dibdin, at the end of Dyche's Spelling Book; and having boasted, like Drawcansir, about its mighty deeds, it becomes reviewer itself, and at length concludes with setting all other reviewers at loggerheads.

When there was but one Solomon upon the earth, all this would have passed for vanity and vexation of spirit: but now that young Solomons are made by the score, in all the *Academic Grove-Houses* around London, it becomes the height of critical and literary wisdom. "Surely I know what pleases me!" exclaimed a brilliant youth, just as he had finished his course of education under *Dr. Sandy*, and, seizing his pen, reviewed two novels, three plays, four poems, and five political pamphlets, in an instant! Dr. Sandy (by the bye) is an excellent modern learning-monger: he was formerly a journeyman carpenter, and really understands a little of that sublime part of geometry called mensuration; so having married an old schoolmaster's widow, he found it conducive to domestic peace to do in all things as his wife's former spouse had done before him. For this purpose, he began by repairing the desks and forms. That job performed, he was ready to receive the darling of any mamma, who might wish her darling to be taught every thing in the tenderest manner possible. Now, Dr. Sandy (for he purchased the title of Dr. and has therefore an undoubted right to it) soon discovered the means of polishing any mind whatsoever, let it be ever so dull: whether his discovery had any resemblance to those of the numerous inventors of shining shoe-blacking has not been accurately determined. This is certain, that no boys so soon became men, or so soon proved themselves to be men to the satisfaction of the *daughters* and *maids* in the neighbourhood, as did the scholars of Dr. Sandy. Nor was this all: they could prove themselves to be men of learning and taste also; and to do this they spouted in public twice a year, corresponded, under the direction of the classical usher (holiday-curate to the parish church) with every dashing magazine, and wrote some of the best articles in the ******** Review!

It is astonishing to what heights a brood of young Solomons, hatched by such an Egyptian process, will aspire. Nothing appears beyond their abilities. A nest of them has lately undertaken a QUARTERLY REVIEW, and has, in whispers, assumed the names of the greatest statesman, the greatest critic, and the greatest poet of the day. But a slight examination of the first number will be sufficient to convince the public of the modesty of these young sons of David; and prove that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the mighty author of the Bæviad and Mæviad, and the illustrious bard of the House of Buccleugh cannot possibly have had any thing to do with this curious fabrication.

This new review commences with the titles *, which serve merely for a text to a

* Affaires d'Espagne, Nos. 1 to 5. Confédération des Royaumes et Provinces d'Espagne contre Bonaparte, Nos. 1 to 6, &c.

political sermon of nearly twenty pages. To be sure if a Minister of State felt that he and his colleagues had got into a scrape by suffering the affairs of Spain to be *translated* into *French*, it might be feasable enough to assert that Mr. Canning, or any other scribbling statesman, had written this declamation. Indeed there appears a sentence that seems very much to direct us to this conclusion. The author of this piece of eloquence (for criticism is quite out of the question all through it) calls himself and his brethren, with much humility, *coblers** —mere *professors of the gentle craft!*—No, no—your reviewers may be the gravel and flint stones of the Parnassian Road, that wear a poor author's soul from the upper leather, but they have nothing to do with mending the holes that they make: there is not one among them (except old Cumberland indeed) that is smooth enough even for a cobbler's lap-stone.—But for ministers the term will suit well enough: they may, metaphorically, sarcastically, and even complimentarily be stiled *cobblers*: and the present set seem perfectly well suited for the *gentle* craft; whether they may have to new-heel-piece the parade boots of the Commander in Chief, attend to the private orders of his H. R. H's Morocco Ambassador, or calash the pride of the Juntas of Spain for the support of the hobbling interest of a *worn out* dynasty.

This first article in *the Quarterly Review* is written on a plan entirely new. Literature, for the sake of which the generality of readers purchase reviews, is quite clean forgotten. The composition, form, contents, or argument of the publications under consideration are never once mentioned: the whole review resembles the transcript of a speech from the Treasury Bench; and endeavours to prove that our wise ministers were in a wonderful hurry to assist those who could not be assisted, and that, too, with means, which are here acknowledged to have been exactly the contrary to such as ought to have been used with any hopes of success. All this was done, it seems, to satisfy the patriotic impatience of the good people of England. Yes, we are told in this Review, that they sent an expedition they did not know where, composed of the first troops they had at hand, totally unfit indeed for any such service as was likely to be required; and all because John Bull wanted to see something done for poor Spain. Nay, the insolent young Solomon who would make us believe that Mr. Canning wrote this article, goes so far as to doubt * "whether any British officer "would have willingly incurred the respon- "sibility attached to such a subordinate "command" as to have led to the assistance of Blake or Cuesta "a detachment of "our excellent cavalry and artillery" which "might have turned the tide of "success," even if our *active* ministers had "confided to the *very dubious talents* of a "Blake or a Cuesta the safety of such a va- "luable detachment!"—O thou young Solomon! this is too bad!—what! pretend that our Secretary of State Mr. Canning wrote such assertions as these!—why, George R-se himself *under the cover of the Antijacobin* never had the impudence thus to villify the characters of British officers,—thus to belye the subordination of that army, at the head of which is the D. of Y. or the D. of Y.'s mistresses, and thus to blast the exalted name of one at least of the greatest Generals that the patriotism of Spain has yet produced.

But not in their political article alone do these younkers testify their boldness. Mævius himself, even with the assistance of his friend Bævius, would have hardly introduced such a sentence as the following in abusing figurative eloquence. These are the words of the preacher of the purity of taste†. "He does not with the *eagle eye* "*of a statesman* ‡, take in the whole bear- "ing of a difficult problem in legislation, "and pursue it through its remotest ra- "mifications." Here we have a mixture of metaphors stirred up together as a good housewife stirs together the many good

* Page 13.

* Quarterly Review, page 13.

† Quarterly Review, page 100.

‡ A hint borrowed from the *punning* compliment of the Satirist to Mr. Perceive-all.

ingredients of her shrove tide batter. *The eagle-eye of a statesman*—good!—*taking in a whole bearing*—here we are out at sea, Mr. Pilot!—*the bearing of a problem*—right, now we are abaft the binacle with old Spy, the ship's school-master—*a difficult problem of legislation.* Mr. Speaker, I rise, Sir, to explain—*and pursue it*—tally ho! *through its remotest ramifications*—snug at last under the branches of my vine and the ramifications of my fig-tree!—Was there ever such a medley of broken images thrown together except in the fall of some son of Israel, whose assortment of nodding mandarins and head-shaking monsters, with Shakespeare, John Wesley, Locke, Milton, and Romaine, rolls in chalky fragments beneath the wheels of some blundering dust-cart? yet this is only one of the many complicated beauties that ornament the pages of the QUARTERLY REVIEW!

But the young Solomons who appear to have conducted this review are certainly very great thieves. They have absolutely plundered Theodore Hook of a precious pun. For shame! it is worse than if they had robbed the beggar-boy who "cries his matches as far as Common Garden" of the only brass farthing he had gained in such a journey. See, here is the pun, actually found in their possession at page 156 of their *Quarterly Review*: "We have not the "pleasure of knowing the author's *family*, "but were very happy in seeing a poor *re-* "*lative* brought forward in a conspicuous "point of view in the following sentence: "'the only combustible of *what*, &c." Is it possible that men pretending to reform the public taste can condescend to go to Grub-street for such embellishments of their style as this. The miserable wretch who is the subject of their review appears indeed to have neither language, arrangement, or science in his work, and would scarcely have been selected by any other critics except such psuedo-Solomons as themselves.

It is amusing to observe how learnedly, or rather how scientifically, these gentlemen assure us, that they themselves find subjects of amusement in their labours. Thus in speaking of the *Theorie de l'Action Capillaire, par M. La Place*, they say, "We have sometimes been amused in the perusal of this essay with observing, that after an expression had travelled, with considerable fatigue, through several pages of Greek, Roman and Italian characters, it was transformed by proper substitution into an equation belonging simply to a circle." Go to school: go back to school, ye Solomons of Gotham: do not play truant thus, and travel to amuse the world with such wisdom as this. Is it not the business of Analysis to resolve expressions into simpler forms, and is there any thing wonderful in the simple equation of a circle, or the more simple equation of a right line being the result of a long and tedious investigation? Astonishing! these younkers are also amused in finding out "that a complicated "fluxion, when its fluent had been deter- "mined, produced a much simpler theo- "rem!" Go, go, ye men of wisdom! and amuse yourselves privately with Cocker or Bonnycastle.

DION.

TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

GENTLEMEN,

Having from its commencement taken a strong interest in the success of your valuable institution, (as I was convinced from its enlarged and comprehensive plan, it was capable of producing the most beneficial results), I have paid very particular attention to your conduct hitherto, hoping in time, by the vigour of your proceedings, to see vice completely exterminated from society.

Some of your actions have I confess called forth my admiration, and even excited my wonder, and I became more fully satisfied from the unrelenting severity with which you had prosecuted some individuals for offences of a trivial nature, that crimes of a more flagrant

description would be attacked by you, with such strong and powerful measures, as would intimidate the most daring sinners from offending against decorum, and effectually prevent the commission of any similar transgressions for the future. Indeed, as I had not heard of late, that you had exercised your inquisitorial functions on any particular occasion, I was induced to believe that your efforts had produced a most miraculous result, and that vice, unable to combat with the energy of virtue, was falling into decay, and would soon be completely eradicated.

Unhappily, however, the events of a few short weeks have fatally convinced me of my error. I see adultery of the most aggravated nature openly avowed by no less a personage than his Royal Highness the Duke of York; I hear the most severe animadversions daily passed on his conduct, and yet I do not find that any punishment is to be inflicted to prevent a recurrence of these evils. Were such a belief to go abroad, I should be loth to answer for the consequences, for to this cause, and example alone, can I impute the shameful intercourse which has since taken place between Lord Paget and Lady Wellesley; and I am persuaded unless some strong measures are instantly resorted to, to put a stop to these practices, instances of the same nature will become as numerous as they are disgraceful.

Now it occurs to me, Gentlemen, that as the sole object you have in view is the suppression of vice, these cases must fall completely within your jurisdiction; and although I have not yet heard that you have taken any steps in this affair, so as to bring the delinquents to punishment, I am convinced that you must have in contemplation, some plan of a vigorous and powerful nature which will fully answer every purpose of your excellent institution, and prove of material benefit and advantage to society.

I am well convinced this plan must at the present period fully occupy your attention, as, after having heard of the vices of the Duke of York (and who is there that has not heard of them, so universally published and promulgated as they have been?) something of this nature must undoubtedly have suggested itself to you. You are, no doubt, anxious to satisfy every one that a Duke is to you but as any other person, except as his exalted rank may render crimes in him less excusable than in others.—Your conduct at this time is not regulated by any consideration of his high birth or influence; you are no time-serving sycophants, no cringers to nobility, who connive at vice in the powerful, and punish it in the weak; you scorn to employ your authority on old apple-women, or half-starved butchers. Dukes and lords claim your attention, and all inferior objects must be disregarded.

Now as I am anxious that your plan should be as comprehensive as possible (and such a plan I am sure you have in agitation) permit me to impress upon your minds the great danger arising from the force of example in so exalted a personage as the Duke. I tremble when I reflect on what unruly passions it may excite in the bosoms of harmless taylors, whose thoughts might otherwise never have wandered from their wife or their shop-board; and not only in them, but in every other class of society. I think I need not comment on the turpitude of the crime; even the most powerful advocates of the Duke undertake only to defend his political character.

But if you should urge in his defence (though I cannot believe you have any such intention) that the Duke has promised not to do so any more, and that your exertions would therefore be nugatory and ineffectual, I must beg leave to remind you, that every boy at school who has committed a fault, makes the same excuse to escape punishment, yet the master does not therefore refrain from whipping him; or, to put the case in a stronger point of view, if any of the persons who have, by your means, been convicted of misdemeanours, should attempt to palliate the offence, by promising not to be guilty of the like in future, you do not therefore attempt to mitigate the punishment; then why excuse the Duke for so futile a reason? But while I am arguing with you, when, in all probability, there is no occasion, you may be preparing a decisive method of arresting the progress of vice, and destroying its baneful influence; I will therefore trespass no longer on your time, than to assure you of the hearty interest I feel in the success of your exertions, and how much I am

Your sincere admirer,

Juvenis.

LOVE LETTERS!

ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC.

Epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;
Or, charg'd with amorous sighs of absent swains!
COWPER'S 'TASK.'

(Continued from page 85 of our Miscellanies.)

WE resume, pursuant to promise, the short series of AMATORY EPISTLES which were first introduced by our Magazine for last month. As we then pledged our credit for the originality and authenticity of the correspondence, so we are pleased to find, from various quarters, that its perusal has imparted the gratification we thought it calculated to produce. We are persuaded, indeed, that this gratification will be found progressively encreasing.

Saturday, June 1st, 1805.

Having come to ———, and been informed that you wish to hear from me, I suppose you can have no objection to see me. Name *time*, and *place*; only defer our meeting no longer than circumstances compel you to delay it. I shall not ask you, at present, what could induce you to enquire after me yesterday, notwithstanding past occurrences? Alas! I love you too much! —— If I am in any degree offended, it is because I feel more and more assured that you cannot return my affection—that you will not permit yourself to place any honourable confidence in me. Let me see you, however, once more.

Thursday, July 4th, 1805.

Is it not a long time, between this day and that appointed for our next meeting? —*I* think it insupportably so! Anxious, most anxious, for *your* happiness; when I reflect on our last parting, I wish instantly to convince my Emilia how dearly I am ever her's: how impossible it is that any *common* dissension should for a moment interrupt my affection for her. Are they such sentiments, which influence your heart towards me? Let me *believe* they are what I *wish* them to be!

Tuesday morning, July 23*d*, 1805.

You are ill, because you are unhappy; and you are unhappy, because you will not permit yourself to be otherwise. Oh, Emilia! is not this the truth? are you not your own tormentor? I have long loved you—I still love you—I would always love you. Even this little scrawl of a letter, after what transpired at our last meeting, ought to be considered as no mean proof of the sincerity and warmth of my affection for you, and my unceasing anxiety for your welfare and felicity.

Do *you indeed* desire *again* to see me?—if so, walk from the ———, across ———, between the hours of twelve and one, or sooner, either to-morrow, or Thursday morning, and I will join you there. O, Emilia! it is *you* that trifle with the feelings of the heart! — —

Tuesday morning, Sept. 3*d*, 1805.

Surely the dear Emilia did not find it irksome to stroll as far as the ———! Had she done this, she would have met her *somebody*, either on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday; on each of which evenings, though not precisely at the hour of eight, *he* thought it worth his while to go in ques-

of her, even at the risk of his health. He has not yet changed his residence. If, however, such an event had taken effect, no distance would have prevented *him* from endeavouring to see (may he still say *his!*) Emilia!

God bless the beloved girl!—

Saturday Morning, Oct. 26th, 1805.

Dearest Emilia!—

How long am I to possess you only in dreams? Last night!—I will not tell you what passed, in fancy, at least, between us during last night. With what ardour did I embrace my *****!—for I then *thought* her mine indeed! Yes, it is *you* that *can* make me happy, I am certain of this; and it is *you* that *must* make me what I wish, or, *(mark my words!)* I shall soon become the most miserable of men, a desperate, a deserted, self-abandoned being. O, Emilia! you feel neither for me nor for yourself, as you ought to feel *now*, and as, when it shall be too late for both of us, you will, you will certainly wish you had felt and acted.

Now is the critical moment of my life! Why do you not believe me; and, if you confide in me, how can you hesitate to accept me, devoted as I am to you, and —

— — — — — — — — —

If ever you have loved me; if you value the peace of my mind, and, with mine, your own future felicity through life, for Heaven's sake accede to my hopes!

Saturday, Nov. 9th, 1805.

Never obliterated from my heart, how anxiously do I long again to meet you, my dear, dear, Emilia! 'How has it happened,' I am continually asking myself, 'that we have now been actually separated for more than a week?' See me to-night. Come to ******, not later than eight o'clock, but come earlier, if possible. I cannot endure this agony of suspense!

Pray do not postpone our meeting; and inform me, by bearer, whether you can see me *before* the hour of eight? Till we meet, farewell!,.....Why cannot I cease to *think* of you? Oh, Emilia, never, never, never. Remember *me*, and *do not "trifle" with a heart that is eternally devoted to you!* Bear with me a little while, since it is probable that I shall not trouble you much longer.

Thursday Morning, May 29th, 1806.

Believe me, dear Emilia! when I assure you that I am not so culpable as you seem *now* to consider me. If I have appeared to neglect you in attention, this has been owing to a variety of untoward and distressing events; and not, as I fear you have concluded, to any real abatement of my affection for you, which it is in your power only to extinguish. Have I not assured you of that truth, over and over again?

Should you be disappointed in seeing me before you obtain this note, make a practice of walking in the *****, as often as you can, at about nine o'clock in the evening, until we meet there. There is one thing, by which you have contrived almost to offend me deeply. Alas, Emilia! what have I done, what have you noticed in my character, that could induce you to think me capable of exposing your letters, either to gratify my own vanity, or to amuse the curiosity of another? With all my faults, and I have enough of them, I am not the person who could so act; I am not formed for such wanton treachery, such inexcusable baseness! To *this* I do plead "not guilty." Of *this* charge, I hope your heart will acquit me: even though I should not be able to procure any evidence in vindication of myself.

"Recollect," say you, "my sufferings you will have to answer for in another world!" Had you not made up your mind to be cruel towards me, when you put such words on paper? It is *I* who am most unhappy: it is *I*, dear Emilia! who am so miserable as to be likely very soon to be called to that world, where you think I shall have to answer for the sufferings I have inflicted on you here.

Let us hope, however, that I may yet live to make atonement to you for my misconduct, whatever it has been. I am sure I

wish to do this; for I am, and must ever remain, Your very affectionate friend.

Thursday Night, Jan. 15th, 1807.

MY EVER-DEAR EMILIA!

I hope it is not possible for me to forget the attentions which I have received from you; much less, to slight your kindness, and return indifference for affection. When you last favoured me with a call here, circumstances, very unexpected on my part, prevented our meeting each other. Since then, I have continually designed to write to you, but have as often deferred writing; sometimes on account of the distracted state of my mind, and, at other times, because I wished first to ascertain the situation in which it was my destiny to be placed! Do not, therefore, be offended: I have never ceased to remember, or think of, my Emilia!

Can I really see you, once more? Will my Emilia, notwithstanding her too recent disappointment, *believe* that I am still most anxious to meet her, and *depend* upon my being faithful to another appointment for that purpose? I am not *yet* certain that I shall ever be at liberty to meet you as and where you please, *after the middle of next week*: if, then, you can come again to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, *early on Tuesday*, I shall make it a serious point to be at home on that day. Should it, unfortunately, be impracticable for you to meet my wishes, write to me on the subject.

The usual nonsense of love would only disgrace our intercourse. I shall not, therefore, *entreat* you to esteem and cherish the remembrance of past years! If you have a heart possessed of any honour, if you have any constancy in your affections, if any discrimination of mind, you must, (and I say this proudly!) you *must* think of me with regard and tenderness.

Farewell, dear Emilia. There is a state, I trust, in which we shall ultimately meet, without interruption!—without infelicity!

Thursday Night, twelve o'clock.

Imagine not, from the concluding paragraph of this short letter, as well as from the *hour* at which it was penned, that I am actually desponding. I feel, however, heartily weary of a world in which I have met with so little to render existence even tolerable, and so very much to make me miserable. Life is to me daily losing the little value I had set upon it.

Here terminates this interesting correspondence. The internal evidence is the best test of its genuineness. Circumstances, it should be told, have irrevocably separated the lovers between whom it originated; and, on this account, give mutual impressiveness to the concluding letter! The whole was an attachment of the affections, as is easily discoverable; commenced casually, cherished reciprocally, but resulting, as often happens, in disappointment.

MEMOIRS OF MARY ANN CLARKE.

——Let her pass; and, chariotted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways:
The frequency of crimes has washed them white!—

COWPER'S 'TASK.'

AMONG the phenomena of these up-and-down times, which seem to set all probable calculation at defiance, MARY ANN CLARKE, as she has engaged the attention of the present age, will, from circumstances unprecedented in the annals of this country, assuredly attract the notice of future ages. It is thus that the names of Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Clarke, owing to their association with Royalty itself, must stand recorded by the biographer and ennobled by the historian. Distinguished

characters claim distinguished commemoration.

Unfettered by salique laws, women, in this happy country, often take a leading part in the affairs of men. We seem to owe this taste to the political era of the restoration. Charles, the second monarch of that name amongst us, imported, with himself, this species of feminine predilection; which, he had acquired during his wanderings on the continent, and which, coupled with his other foreign habits, was finally productive of the subsequent revolution in the government. His example long survived him in its effects. Even at this distance of time, considerably exceeding the period of one century, and notwithstanding many intervenient changes in our national concerns and manners, we are experiencing the consequences of the dissolute profligacy, which our monarchial restoration introduced. The sins of fathers are still visited, according to infallible denunciation, upon the third and fourth generations of their descendants.

Waving, however, any thing like serious disquisition, as somewhat incompatible with the topics which are now to attach our notice, let us proceed to investigate the family origin of our present heroine; and endeavour, if practicable, to develope the characteristics of her disposition, as well as her intellectual qualifications and attainments. It is not impossible, one must presume, to delineate every species of character. Biography is frequently difficult, either from the intricacy or importance of its subjects; but it is not, from these considerations, to be relinquished as unaccomplishable. Perhaps only Samuel Johnson could have written the life of Richard Savage.

Many, notwithstanding, as are the impediments which obstruct the due execution of legitimate biography, still more embarrassed is the situation of the writer to whom devolves the duty of narrating the adventures and analysing the characters of existing individuals. His representation is necessarily incomplete; and he is continually subjected to the mortification of finding his conclusions, however apparently sagacious, refuted by subsequent transactions, or exposed by subsequent discoveries. Such are some only of the disadvantages with which it becomes the task of the contemporary biographer to contend.

Pope asserts, with some truth but more wit, that

"Most women have no characters at all."

If, however, the poet derived this opinion from the uncertainty and versatility of the female character, he has drawn an erroneous general conclusion from the truth of particular premises. Changeable as is the female temper, and it often is absolutely the weathercock of humanity, there is still discernable in it some permanent character, some predominating principle of activity. Women, varied as is their circle of action, never lose sight of the end to which their exertions are directed. The ambition of a Cleopatra is not less paramount than the ambition of Bonaparte! Each differs only as to the operation of this passion; and, whether a Mark Anthony is to be ensnared into dishonour or a Ferdinand cajoled into deposition, the principle, though diversified in its immediate application, is the same in its primitive origination. Here, therefore, instead of having no characters at all, most women evince very decided characters. The hopes and fears of human nature, the enterprise of rivalry, the emulation for distinction, the lust of sway, is the same in both sexes.

How many of mankind, pursuing the foregoing train of observations, have fallen by women! It was woman, and only woman, that, at the instigation of her primitive seducer, prevailed with Adam, our illustrious progenitor, to eat the prohibited fruitage of the godlike garden. It was woman, and only woman, who caused Abraham and Isaac to dissimulate; who attempted to ruin Joseph; who reviled Moses; who advised Job to curse and die; who induced David to add to adultery murder; who alienated Solomon from his national religion; who deprived Samson of his virility, and John the Baptist of his head.—Modern history is full of equally atrocious exemplifications of the evils arising from the inordinate ascendancy of feminine in-

fluence. Satan, our most dexterous adversary, knows it is principally through this rib that he can pierce the sides of man.—Artful women and weak men are, therefore, the destruction of society.

It cannot be denied, even by the sturdiest of her opponents, that Mary Ann Clarke, the female whose character we are about to scrutinise, is entitled to the distinction of publicity. She has taken her station among famous women, and will not soon be forgotten. Sir Richard Phillips, of bookselling notoriety, would give any thing for such a lady. Milton, however, knew women rather better than the present race of our illustrious inamoratos. Himself alternately irritated and pacified, deceived and distressed, by one of the frail ribs, truly depicts, in his 'Samson Agonistes: the nature of women.—

——These are thy wonted arts;
And arts of every woman, false like thee!
To break all faith, all vows; deceive, betray;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move, with feign'd remorse;
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness chiefly to assail:
Then, with more cautious and instructed skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits:
That best and wisest men full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a poisonous bosom snake!

Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, of whose parentage and education little seems known, is stated to have been born in Black Raven Alley, near White's Alley, leading from Cursitor-street, near Chancery-lane, to Fetter-lane, in London; where is now situated the Refectory of Lawyers, or plainly speaking, Mr. Gad's Cook-shop. Her maiden surname was Thompson, and not Farquhar, which latter name became her mother's by second marriage; a distinction, as to names, which perhaps will be found explanatory of some contradictions in the evidence of one Mrs. Favery, who, it may be remembered, was supposed from the circumstance of her having been called Farquhar, to be nearly related to Mrs Clarke, but who declared, nevertheless, that she was not, as questioned, really sister to Mrs. Clarke. Whether this person stands allied to Mrs. Clarke merely as a daughter of Mr. Farquhar's previously to his union with the then widow Thompson, or whether she is the produce of that union, and so only half-sister to Mrs. Clarke, are matters of which the discussion is not very important.

Mr. Robert Farquhar, the father-in-law to the present Mrs. Clarke, by his marriage with Mrs. Thompson her mother, worked, during some years, as a compositor, in Mr. Hughes's printing-office, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. He took some pains to instruct his daughter-in-law in reading; in which, owing to her lively capacity, she soon made such progress as qualified her to assist him to read proofs. Her early education, therefore, was not neglected.

The business of reading press-proofs, which is generally the task of boys, requires no inconsiderable degree of application, tends to excite activity of attention and celerity of perception, and incidentally enriches and improves the mind. The effects of this practice soon became visible in Miss Thompson. So rapid was her mental progress, that one young gentleman, the eldest son of the overseer of the printing-office, who was before struck with her charms, now sent her, at his own expence, to a boarding-school, expressly for the acquisition of personal accomplishments and the improvement of her intellectual qualifications. Her hand was expected in acknowledgement of this affectionate solicitude as to her education; but while her views became extended by association, her heart was probably still indifferent to the pretensions of her admirer.

Stories are not wanting, but have been confidently promulgated, as to the almost infantine lovingness of the heroine of these memoirs. Often by necessity in the printing-office, either to carry the meals of her father-in-law or to assist him in reading proof-sheets, many persons talk of her amours with a printer's devil as fluently as

they descant on her intimacy with a prince! Doubtless, as Dryden poetically sings,

Many a dear sweet hug
Is stolen in garsets on the humble rug!—

There seems, however, little probability in these accounts of the then Miss Thompson's intrigues. Without thinking, with Mrs. Wolstonecraft Godwin, that all boys and girls might play harmlessly together, let us still hope that, even in printing-offices, little boys may kiss little girls, and little girls allow themselves to be kissed by little boys, with little danger, either to boys or girls. Whether Miss Thompson's private performances in theatricals were altogether as inoffensive as her printing-office reciprocations of attachment, forms an inquiry which, owing to tenderness for the reputation of private theatres, one shrinks from pursuing.

Mary Ann's illimitable extravagance, it must now be remarked, is represented as having been, even at this early time of her life, as observable as her amorous propensities. Her ways and means, her weekly budget, appear to have been almost as formidable an undertaking as the annual projects of national financiers. What with cribbing from household supplies, and pledging with pawnbrokers, to procure personal ornaments in exchange for family comforts, she must, if such things were, have been incessantly, though improperly, employed. It was thus, however, that Miss Thompson acquired the knowledge of those facilities which so essentially contributed to the advancement of Mrs. Clarke. Neither Mr. F—ll—d, nor his successor, Mr. W——, nor "a certain Silversmith," are, it is to be apprehended, however they were "taken in with chaff," imaginary personages in this public drama. Mrs. Clarke seems literally to have been all things to all men; and, in turn, to have converted almost every man, with whom she even accidentally associated, into an instrument to accomplish her own designs.

Ought the traffic of pawn-broking to be politically tolerated? Almost as destructive as the lottery, to which, by affording the facility of raising money upon marketable commodities, it acts the office of pander, it both holds out temptations to dishonesty and opens immediate receptacles for the plunder of the robber. Its effects are often as injurious to private comfort as they seem inauspicious to the public welfare. If men and women could not always pawn, they would frequently not spend; and, let it be reflected, where one article is pawned to supply the demands of necessity, one hundred articles are pawned to indulge the caprice of pleasure, and gratify the wishes of vanity. The practice of pawning is carried to an extreme, of which many sensible individuals entertain no imagination; and is attended by calamities, of which they can form no conception. Mrs. Clarke, however, is by no means the only modern lady who is to be suspected of understanding the fashionable system of pawnbroking accommodation. Were it not for such beings as linen-drapers and silversmiths and pawnbrokers, many modish ladies, according to existing circumstances, would find themselves reduced to very distressing dilemmas.

Actively as her mind was engaged in the traffic of pawning, Miss Thompson (now Mrs. Clarke,) found ample leisure to drive on the trade of love. No sooner was Mr. Day, the son of the printing-office overseer, the earliest of Mary Ann's efficient paramours, disappointed and dismissed, than she immediately attached herself to another admirer. Mr. Day, it appears, remonstrated, as well he might remonstrate, against acting in private theatres, when she, who was determined to extend the hemisphere of her attration, declined any further amatorial intercourse with the man who presumed to reprove her manners and dictate his opinions.

Mr. Joseph Clarke, then "a good sort of young" bachelor, though now a mendicant and wandering husband, was at this time one of the apprentices of Mr. Burnel, the stone-mason, at the end of Cursitor-street, near Chancery-lane. Here therefore, unluckily both for Joseph and Mary Ann, young Clarke enjoyed reiterated opportunities of contemplating the beauties of Miss Thompson. He heard only her praises; he saw nothing but her perfections. It was the fairy-day of fancy. Mary and Joseph,

the latter not having yet performed his apprenticeship; were suddenly, and clandestinely, united in the holy bands of wedlock; Mary Ann willingly exchanging the surname of Thompson for the appellation of Clarke. This union introduced our heroine to some relative connection, of which she has in words availed herself, with the family of Alderman Clarke. Mr. Clarke's father was a respectable builder, of Angel Court, on Snow-hill. Poor Mr. Clarke's last days must have been embittered by the fate of his sons. His eldest son, once a promising tradesman, shot himself just as his father was about giving up his own business to him; and his younger son, as will be seen, imprudently contracted the only alliance upon which, as to its formation, the happiness or misery of individuals depends. Such is often this frail life!

It is always difficult to ascertain the causes of matrimonial dissention and family infelicity. Seldom is either of the parties, man or wife, wholly free from blame, even in the best possibly constituted marriages; but when recriminations are mutually interchanged, when faults and vices are charged on both sides, when the wife accuses and the husband retorts, and only appearances can determine the investigation, how very painful must be the duty of fairly appreciating the merits of the contest?

Private Theatres are not very likely to contribute to the formation of domestic character. Mrs. Clarke's attachment to theatricals, her love of dress, her fondness of being in public, her coquettish vanity, errors which her advocates do not pretend either to deny or defend, convey no idea of her having ever cherished any predilection for domesticity. She was clearly too gay to be the wife of "a good sort of a young man," as her husband, perhaps truly, is described as having then been; and she was too elevated in her own conceptions, too much lifted above ordinary transactions and personages, to co-operate in the humble toils of trade by sedulously superintending, and even participating in, her household concerns. All this seems pretty evident.

Without attempting to vindicate Mr. Clarke from the imputations now alleged against him by the friends of his wife, which, as well as his complaints against her, probably possess some foundation in reality, there still is, in the circumstances of their hymeneal consummation, something to explain, if not account for, for the calamities which they have reciprocally experienced.

Was it of no importance to the emotions of a young man, who looked up to his father for commercial countenance, to find that his marriage had almost alienated from him paternal affection? Love itself is not the business of life. As passion subsided in possession, how natural was it for the fondest lovers, especially finding that their amatory affection was daily involving themselves in pecuniary embarrassments, to begin to feel some risings of discontent, and, however unintentionally, to reproach each other with the origination of their misfortunes? If, as is in one place affirmed of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, "they also cohabited together some time prior to their marriage," then, indeed, is the secret of disgust radically understood, and their subsequent dissatisfaction ceases to be enigmatical. The dart of Cupid is best shot by the torch of Hymen.

Bad wives mostly make bad husbands. No tolerably good woman, however, will, because she finds herself so unfortunate as to have acquired a bad husband, suffer herself to degenerate into a bad wife. The present Mrs. Clarke, if we are to credit her friends, talks much, like the late Mrs. Robinson, of the early follies, and unpardonable impurities, of her husband; but if, even while she seemed "the desire of her husband's heart, she was gay and volatile and sprightly," is it fair to tax that husband, at the same time, with inconsiderate folly," or, during "the derangement of his affairs," to arraign him for the "dissolute way of life" which, as far as appears, was one consequence of "the derangement of his affairs,"—and which "derangement," perhaps, was partly produced by the "gaiety and "volatility" of his wife? Both Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Clarke, to say the truth, married before they considered what was intended by the institution of matrimony, and before they had ascertained their

own ultimate designation in society. Equally actuated by a love of show, and at first equally disappointed in these delighted anticipations of riches and splendour, dissatisfaction in both of them, succeeded to delectation, and resentment to repining.—Neither of them wedded for love, but for gain; and being equally frustrated in their speculations, each of these women will, in their histories, exhibit the catastrophe of mortified ambition. The parallel, notwithstanding, goes no further. Mrs. Robinson, with all her faults, rises infinitely superior to Mrs. Clarke. Injured as she states herself to have been, never did Mrs. Robinson, with inflexible animosity, expose and condemn the object of her complaint. Deprived of almost all adventitious assistance, she struggled to derive from her own pen, the supplies for her support, and thus acquired, by intellectual independence, some recompence for the privation of opulence.

Mr. Clarke, in this motley grouping, looks like nobody. While his wife arraigns him, he does not answer; and, while she is rattling through the streets in her chariot, he is represented as wandering about the country, limited, for his expenditure, to the paltry pittance of one guinea weekly! It should be remarked, however, that his wife took the bag on her back, with her cubs in it.

Allusion has already been made to Mrs. Clarke's theatrical capacity. Some time during the year 1796, she appeared, in the character of Portia, for the benefit of a young gentleman, in the play of the "Merchant of Venice," which was got up at the Haymarket Theatre. Her performance is still extolled by theatrical amateurs; who are of opinion, that had she cultivated the histrionic profession, Mrs. Clarke might have established herself among second-rate actresses.

Considering her circumstances, however, —burdened with a bankrupt husband, encumbered with four children, and panting at the same time to escape from obscurity into splendour,—it is by no means improbable that Mrs. Clarke, in her last several theatrical enactments, extended her views far beyond the walls of the house itself. It was in a theatre, that a Perdita attracted the notice of a Great Prince; that a Little Pickle seasoned the taste of a Royal Duke; and that even a Farren was anxiously followed, for some time, by the celebrated Man of the People! All these instances of theatrical attraction were then fresh in recollection. Whether Lord B——, or an opulent army-agent, Mr. O———, were, as is more than intimated, thus attracted by the display of her powers, it seems not very material to determine: but there exists no doubt as to the effects which, in one direction or another, her theatrical appearance produced, and which proved immediately preparatory to this lady's more extensive operations.

Before Mrs. Clarke was understood to live separated from Mr. Clarke, and as early as the year 1800—1, she is represented as having admitted the visits of two gentlemen. One of these paramours, a baronet by rank and a barrister by profession, with whom she cohabited, nearly six months, in the principal town, probably Devizes, in Wiltshire, meeting with her at Willis's Rooms, near St. James's, "in the midst of her anxiety and hesitation, stepped to her assistance!" Now, if any credit is due to this account, and if, subsequently to this rencontre in the ball-room, "her children were long provided for by the bounty of this gentleman," even while their mother eloped, as was the case, from his barronial protection; if this be fact, there seems no uncharitableness in imagining that these children, should her then protector happen to have contributed nothing towards their parentage, were not likely to have been considered by their mother as the genuine offspring of her husband. Be this point as it may, one perceives something extraordinary in any mother to whom "the world was before her," and who "was often tempted to hide herself in some obscure retreat," taking, whatever was the conduct of their father, the responsibility of maintaining four young children upon herself! Why, indeed, unless from some suspicion of illegitimacy, did not the otherwise grandfather of these children (though, perhaps, from prudential and powerful con-

siderations, he bequeathed but one guinea for the weekly support of their father) so far commiserate the situation of the offspring of his own son, as, when he willed 18,000*l*; to the other children, to make some trifling provision for this unoffending but destitute portion of his common family? Either the senior Mr. Clarke felt strong and justifiable grounds, as he believed, for neglecting the progeny of his second son; or, since there offers no apparent alternative, he was despicably destitute of the principles of natural humanity.—What concern had the children, except from suffering, in the sins of their father? The conscience of the grandfather of these children, which stands or falls, according to the motives by which he was actuated in the definitive arrangement of his property, ought not to be rashly impeached.

Even while ostensibly assuming the credit of coverture, Mrs. Clarke appears, in other than that of her Wiltshire baronet, to have occasionally stolen some "dear, sweet hugs." If, indeed, "a very slender excuse" to him, when, "accompanied by a bottle of brandy," were sufficient to reconcile Mr. Clarke to the matrimonial infidelity of his wife, well might Mr. M....l....y, or any other lover, venture, satisfied of his impunity, to "retire early with her to the Royal Oak tavern," near Vauxhall; and, with the simple lodgment of "an old press bed," superior accommodations being engaged, prevail upon frail, but charming, woman, "to believe the next day would be time enough to return to her husband!" Such lovers as Mr. M....., however, were not calculated to realise the magnificent anticipations of our exalted heroine. Ambition was not to be so sacrificed to amourousness; and not only Mr. M..l..y, but even her elevated paramours, as in the instance of Sir James B....d....ll, found, to their confusion, that she could easily bring herself to "despise the ungenerous man, who, after going so far, abandons her to her folly." Possessing a beautifully turned arm, she wisely preferred to lean, like Cleopatra, on the erect end of one of our modish sofas, than to lay, like Mrs. Clarke, upon an old press bed.

The history of this almost matchless woman, we have now followed to the era when it was her destiny to burst, with tremendous effulgence, on the contemplation of her contemporaries. Let us just glance at her.

Versed in all the intricacies of social dilemmas, admonished by her own experience and perfected in her knowledge of men and things, she was now prepared, as we see, for all the possible contingences of humanity; and merely awaiting the occasion, which, at the same time, she was actively preparing, for the complete display of her powers, and the uncontroled operation of her knowledge and talents.

It is ridiculous to represent Mrs. Clarke as nothing above one of our common females. Nature evidently endued her with considerable abilities; her acquaintance with all descriptions of characters, and her familiarity with most of the vicissitudes of existence, qualified her to discern the subjects of her action, and to act upon them when presented to her; and she had, with admirable industry, mastered more than the accomplishments usually acquired by the elevated classes of women in this country. Nothing has yet been said of her personal fascination.

Invariably interesting, without being regularly beautiful, possessing more of phisiognomy than of featurality, Mrs. Clarke generally fixes the attention of her beholders. She is, therefore, found strongly to attach the sensibility of mankind. Her face, rather oval than long, is animated by the lustre of blue eyes rather archly expressive. Her mouth is small, and her complexion delicate. Her deportment is without affectation.

This picture, however, rather pourtrays what was, than what is. Mrs. Clarke, now nearly forty years of age, no longer exhibits roundness of symmetry and irresistible engagingness. She is still pleasing; but she has ceased to be striking. Her manners are now more agreeable than attractive, and her smiles rather winning than wooing. Still is Mrs. Clarke, it must be confessed, no common woman. Sprightly, intelligent, affable, her vivacity can still

enliven, her conversation still interest, and her manners still conciliate and gratify.

Those who have been curious enough to peruse the advertising department of the 'Morning Herald,' and the 'Morning Post,' those always gossipping and sometimes scandalising vehicles of popular suppositions, will not be surprised to find it reported of Mrs. Clarke, who shone as one of the brightest luminaries in the Cyprian hemisphere, that she did not disdain occasionally to avail herself, in order to attract notice of the columns of public-journals,—of anonymous advertisements, followed up by loving letters, and terminating, as designed, in appointments and approximations. Most adventuring inamoratos make it their occupation to investigate every invitation of this description.

It was not thus, however, that our heroic cyprian contrived to attach the regard of an illustrious personage. By various artifices, seconded by her amatory attractions, Mrs. Clarke, after some dashing living, in Park-lane, had now acquired the means of creating to herself no unsplendid establishment in Tavistock-place; whence she regularly visited, at the usual time of decampments from the metropolis, the fashionable watering-places. Hence then it happened, in one of her excursions to Brighton, that Mrs. Clarke was known to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. With a fatality of fascination unprecedented in the history of his amours, he appears readily to have become the slave of her toils, and the instrument of her designs. It was the lion struggling in the net.

His Royal Highness's two published letters to Mrs. Clarke, which have facetiously been called "love-letters," are dated from the August of 1804 to the August of 1805. What is the ruling planet of the royal lover; who, it will be recollected was born on the sixteenth of the same month?

Mrs. Clarke, in her answers before the House of Commons, asserts that the Duke of York took her under protection about the year 1803; but nevertheless, it was only during the years 1804-5-6 that he supported her establishment in Gloucester-place. It is therefore impossible to collect, from her own mouth, exactly the when and where and how she became first acquainted with her illustrious protector. She seems, indeed, anxiously to avoid any satisfactory explanation of this particular. Their connection could not have continued longer than three years; as, granting its origin to have been during the year 1803, it is evident, from one of the Duke's notes to Mrs. Clarke, that their intimacy terminated before the winter of the year 1806.

Of the junior Mr. Dowler, one of the principal evidences in support of the public charges against the royal duke himself, much has recently transpired; and of him, owing to his general connection with the heroine of these memoirs, as well as the influence of his evidence in corroboration of the accusations respecting the chief commander of our military, some particulars naturally suggest themselves in this place. He seems to have been long acquainted with the "Beauty of Gloucester-place;" to have sympathised in her anxieties, promoted her gratifications, counselled her as to her deportment, and to have possessed her tenderest, as well as unvarying, confidence.

While Mr. M....l....y, at whom we have already glanced, was pursuing his Cyprian rencontre with our heroine, while this accomplished "lady-killer," following up his success at the Royal-Oak (and having shifted the scene of love from Vauxhall to Bayswater, where the fond pair, from vicinity of dwellings, were then acquainted with Miss Taylor) while these things were going on, or about this time, Mr. Dowler was understood to be "a powerful competitor for, or an avowed partner in, the profusion of the lady's favour." Dates, according to the lady herself, corroborate this suspicion. Among her answers to the questions recently demanded of her, Mrs. Clarke avows having known Mr. Dowler from the year 1800—1; that is on, or before her quittal of her husband, and, beyond all controversy, anterior to any intercourse between herself and the Duke of York. Was Mr. Dowler at this period engaged in the profession of a Stock Broker; and, if so, how far might his early

advances towards the relief and support of Mrs. Clarke,—who, to do justice to her feelings, seems never to have forgotten the generosity of this admirer, interfere with his commercial reputation? This connection, however, between Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Dowler, though undoubtedly established, cannot fairly be adduced, as will soon be seen, in impeachment of her conduct towards the Duke of York.—

"In what *character* (Sir T. Turton), did the witness represent Mr. Dowler to his Royal Highness?" "I represented him as *a friend.*" So confidential was Mr. Dowler with this lady, that, says himself, when interrogated as to his knowledge of the business between Colonel French and Captain Sandon, "I have *often* seen Colonel French at Mrs. Clarke's, in (*Gloucester-Place*), and was *informed there* that he got a letter of service by Mrs. Clarke's influence. *I took the liberty of telling her this was very wrong*, and endeavoured to dissuade her from engaging in such affairs; as I told her, that not only her own character, but the Duke's might be most seriously implicated. She told me, that the Duke of York *was so distressed for money* that she could not bear to ask him for any; and, that *this was the only way by which her establishment could be supported!*" Nor was this all. When Mrs. Clarke's carriage is seized in execution, and she is thereby impeded in complying with the Duke's desire to see her in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, Mr. Dowler is the only person to whom, in this trying crisis, she applies for succour. He comes instantly to her assistance, purchases for her another carriage; and, when she afterwards relates this affair to her royal lover, whom she pledged to refund the purchase.—"I must," says the Duke of York, "recollect him some way or other." He was, according to Mrs. Clarke, "to *repay* him;" but, we see, he means "to *recollect* him." This distinction, which does not appear to have been perceived by those who publicly comment on parliamentary proceedings, is sufficiently remarkable.

As Mr. Dowler is here introduced to elucidate the "relative situation," as Mr. Fuller aptly defined similar situations, in which he stood to Mrs. Clarke, and to explain, at the same time, the Duke of York's privity to this particular, rather than to substantiate the accusations alleged against the Commander in Chief, which are only incidentally interwoven with the amours of our heroine, we must be permitted to attend him, for a few minutes, to Mr. Nichols's and Mr. Reid's.

The Duke of York, as before ascertained, separated from Mrs. Clarke, to all intents and purposes of cohabitation, before the close of the year 1806. Now it is as clearly certain, that she did not rejoin herself to Mr. Dowler after her first living with her royal lover, till the summer of 1801; when, it is known from the testimony of Mr. Nichols, a baker at Hampstead, with whom they lodged, that Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Dowler resided and cohabited together. Whatever familiarities, therefore, subsisted betwixt Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Dowler antecedently to the former placing herself under the protection of his Royal Highness, and notwithstanding their intercourse subsequently to the Duke's separating himself from Mrs. Clarke, let her still claim credit for having, during her actual living with the Duke of York, suspended all amatorial interchanges between herself and Mr. Dowler. She has repeatedly asseverated her integrity on this point, and there appears no solid reason to reject her asseverations. Is it considered honourable to paint even the devil blacker than he really is.

Mrs. Clarke protested, with vehement indignation, at the Bar of the House, that she never lived with any man until she lived with the Duke of York. Let us try to solve this seeming riddle. Either Mrs. Clarke means by the expression of never having lived with any man except the Duke of York, that till then she never lived exclusively to and for any one man; or else, having "an establishment" of her own, that, instead of her being said to live with men, men might be said to live with her. She could not be strictly said, in the case of her Wiltshire Baronet, Sir J. B..d..ll, to live with men from whom she eloped or to whom she was unfaithful; nor could it

be asserted against her, according to the cyprian vocabulary, when, as during her abode at Hampstead, she alone appeared responsible to pecuniary demands, that Mrs. Clarke lived with Mr. Dowler, who, on the contrary, then lived with Mrs. Clarke. Let the reader, for whose use this disquisition is designed, be grateful for the information it contains.

Having so far exhibited the history and character of Mrs. Clarke, having followed her through all the varieties of existence and fluctuations of circumstances,—from the Pier at Margate, to the Steyne at Brighton, from the purlieus of Holborn to the Parade at Gloucester-place, from the gloominess of a printing-office to the effulgence of a palace, from the garrets of coblers to the chambers of princes,—it yet remains, having dismissed the humiliated, to survey the very exalted character sustained by the heroine of these memoirs.

Before we proceed with the memoirs of our present heroine, it may be proper to explain what was stated respecting the Duke of York's original acquaintance with Mrs. Clarke. When, as formerly expressed, his Royal Highness was represented as having *publicly* commenced his connection with this lady during one of her excursions to Brighton, it was not unknown by what medium the Duke of York came first *privately*, and long antecedently to his assuming the avowed character of her protector, in contact with Mrs. Clarke! Perfectly apprised of the particulars referring to this "relative situation," still some consideration for the general character of one of the principal branches of royalty, together with the laudable curiosity of arriving at additional authorities on so serious a subject, suspended the communication of circumstances within the attainment of every diligent enquirer. As these facts have nevertheless been promulgated, and this by one who considers himself the advocate of the Duke of York, against Mrs. Clarke, impartially, now relieved from the embarrassment of delicacy, requires them to be narrated in this place. Here, too, we become at once familiar with one of our heroine's earlier coteries.

Miss Taylor, of whom so much is on record, is understood to be related, nor this very remotely, to one Taylor, whose family are established as shoe-makers, in Bond-street, and of whom the elder Taylor lives, alike retired from business and intrigue, at Brompton. Miss Taylor is also represented as one of the grand-daughters of Mrs. Weston, the cyprianic contemporary of the memorable Mrs. Windsor. It was thus, it seems, at the evening assemblies of Mrs. Weston, and in the Seminary of Berkeley-street, that something like reciprocal sympathy was originally generated between Love and War! Of Miss Taylor (who might be lady in waiting during the introductory cognizance of two such extraordinary personages), Mrs. Clarke, we know, has observed, that the Royal Duke was fond of, or partial to, her. Wonderful, however, is the transition from the house in Berkeley-street to the house in Gloucester-place! It was a transition, "take it for all in all," seldom equalled even by Harlequin and Columbine. Whatever we must think of the frail heroine of this pantomime; of the princely hero we may surely say, in the language of the celebrated Mirabeau,—*Le Duc de ——— est puissant Chasseur, puissant Buveur*, est puissant Home, en cordialité pour les Femmes Marrieé— — — —!

There seems reason enough to conclude, from concurring testimonies, that the Duke of York was acquainted with Mrs. Clarke some years previously to her establishment in Gloucester-Place. His Royal Highness therefore, if this conclusion is warranted, must have been fully aware of Mrs. Clarke's disposition to extravagance; nor could he be wholly exempt from some suspicion of her tendency to military intrigue, if, as it is known, he was at all apprised of her having cohabited with an army-agent, whose extensive practices were calculated to initiate her in the mysteries of military promotion. These considerations might have guarded him against the snares into which he was afterwards so unhappily betrayed. Presumption on the one hand, however, and credulity on the other hand, combining and co-operating, produced one of the most ex-

traordinary catastrophes ever exhibited among civilised communities. Its consequences, indeed, are still far from being completely developed.

Captain Sutton, who cannot now answer to facts, appears to have been no ordinary personage in this drama of amours. He first introduced Mr. Dowler to Mrs. Clarke, perhaps about the year 1799—1800. "He took me," says Mr. Dowler, "to dine at her house; the view was because there were a few musical persons to be there, a musical party; Captain Sutton asked me, whether I would go to dinner with him? And that was the cause of my being introduced to Mrs. Clarke." Alas!—this is the very Captain Sutton, who, (in the words of Mrs. Clarke herself, when she was examined at the Bar of the House,) after being maimed in the service of his country, and "an esteemed friend of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of York, for twelve years, nearly died for want except through her." He, who ought to have commanded the purses of princes, was compelled to take his best meals with one of their mistresses, and finally bequeathed the fortunes of his son to her benevolence! Such is the favour of power, and such are the vicissitudes of humanity.

Mrs. Clarke's last sumptuous establishment, in Gloucester-place, was superbly magnificent. It was becoming the dignity of her princely protector, if it had been authorised by his acknowledged resources. Lord Folkestone estimates her annual expenditure, during this period, as amounting to little short of twenty-five thousand pounds yearly. This sum may sound large; but if, after receiving, from the Duke of York, an income of 7,000*l.* per annum, it resulted, according to Mrs. Clarke, that every expence remained undischarged except the wages of her servants and the keep of various other necessary animals, then his Lordship's estimate, especially if we consider the extension and affluence of her establishment, approaches to something more than probability.

Look at her retinue, her parties, her visitors, her pleasures, her bed and board, her excursions, during the whole time of her final Establishment in Gloucester-place. Is it to be supposed that she, whose wine-glasses afterwards sold for one guinea each, spared copious libations to those of her friends who relished the delights of the table,—that Mr. Corri, or Mr. Mac Cullum, or her Duke of Portland, or her Mr. Mellish, were contented only to "play a tune fifty times over?" Captain Thompson could doubtless drink, nor even Col. Wardle disdain to pledge the gallant hero. Mr. R. Knight, or Colonel French, or Gen. Clavering, or Dr. O'Meara, or Mr. Donovan, might not disdain to partake of some sandwiches; and Miss Taylor, with various ladies, may be imagined to have participated in the refreshments of the evening.

It is to the "Royal Person" himself that we are now principally to refer. While the *natural* son of a military officer (Is there, then, something *unnatural* in Matrimony?) hands the goblet, as their confidential interchange, between the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, there were "sometimes two men-cooks, sometimes three men-cooks," as "Mrs. Clarke always wished to have her dinners got up in the best manner, to please his Royal Highness; and if there was any thing found fault with, by his Royal Highness, she would have another." No wonder, therefore, Mrs. Clarke "gave him the slip of paper, that Dr. Thynne gave her, with their names (i. e. Lieut. Col. Knight and Lieut. Col. Brooke), just after dinner." Has it any thing of the marvellous, that, at such times, his Royal Highness should ask, in the presence of Miss Taylor, to whom report states him partial, "I am continually worried by Col. French—he worries me continually about the Levy business, and is always wanting something more in his own favour. How does he behave to you (turning to Mrs. Clarke) Darling?" Conversation was then "free and unrestrained."

Ludowick Orramin, employed in his Royal Highness's service for nearly the last eighteen years, might, were he put to fact, give satisfactory testimony, as to the amatorial intercourses of the Royal Duke. He only of all his master's servants, "ever went to Gloucester-Place." It was Ludowick who commonly attended there by

"eight o'clock in the morning," "to take his clothes;" and to him was entrusted, on one specific occasion, by "a prompt message" from the Duke, the interesting adventure of being employed "to take a favorite Dog of his Royal Highness's for Mrs. Clarke to see!" What if this Lodowick Orramin, confidentially as he is situated, were to disclose all he knows of royal amours?

Of all the visitors who successively applied at Gloucester-Place,—whether as to the church militant or the church triumphant, whether as it respects a Capt. Sandon or a Mr. Donovan,—perhaps, taking all things into account, Dr. O'Meara is not the least interesting. Facts are strong. "The very night (July 31, 1805) that the Duke was going to Weymouth," says Mrs. Clarke, speaking of Dr. O'Meara, "he called upon me the moment the Duke had left the house, between twelve and one o'clock; I think he watched his Royal Highness out, as he had seen that his horses were waiting in Portman Square; and then he came in, just as I was upon the stairs, and said it was a very good opportunity, for he was going to Weymouth immediately, and asked me to come down stairs again, and write him a letter of introduction to his Royal Highness, and I did so." Only think of this bo-peep and would-be Bishop! Fortunately for the Church, happily for Royalty itself, before whom, concubineally introduced, this clerical candidate afterwards preached, at Weymouth, he failed to obtain his bishoprick. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Clarke inspected and approved and reported his documents, and favoured him with an introductory recommendation as recognised in one of the Duke of York's letters to her, dated August 4th, 1805, notwithstanding these facilities, together with the effects of his preaching, "his Majesty did not like the O in his name."

Poor Mr. Basely, another reverend applicant, through Mr. Donovan, to our heroic cyprian, was still more unlucky! Stupid enough to repair to the Duke of Portland, at Burlington-House in Piccadilly, that statesman instantly informed his diocesan, the Bishop of London, of his simoniacal overtures; who indignantly resented the proceeding, and demanded the exposition of the offender. What must have been the understood influence of Mrs. Clarke! She held a drawing-room for promotions; and was attended, with indefatigable solicitude, by advertising army agents, distinguished officers, aspiring generals, and decent divines. With music-masters to charm her, bailiffs to protect her, newspaper-men to defend her, and royalty to console and dignify her, she appears to have enjoyed, at one time, the utmost of feminine gratification.

Colonel Gordon, while detailing his evidence, represents the Duke of York as commanding his attendance upon him in his official capacity, "every morning, a little after ten." Without disputing the veracity of this gentleman, there must, nevertheless, have been some deviation from the Duke's usual diligence, when, as on Mrs. Favery's taking some money up stairs, about eleven o'clock, she declares having found the Duke and Mrs. Clarke "in bed."

It was now, indeed, that his Royal Highness gave full play to his tenderest sympathies. Wrapped up in the "darling" of his desires, how fully does he expatiate on her merits, and how sensible does he express himself of her goodness!—"*I am quite hurt,*" writes the royal lover, "*that My Love did not go* (Mrs. Clarke was then in waiting for the Duke, at Worthing) *to the Lewes Races.*" "*I cannot bear the idea,*" adds his Highness, "*of adding to those sacrifices which I am but too sensible that she has made to me.*" That "there are two whole nights before" the royal lover "shall clasp his darling in his arms" is to him matter of inexpressible languishment! Even "handkerchiefs are delightful" because of "the dear hands who made them for" him. Is it wonderful that, amidst such transports, Mrs. Clarke obtained, from the Duke of York, a Miniature of his Royal Mother set round with diamonds?

> ——— There is something in a face,
> An air, and a peculiar grace,
> That more than features, shape or hair,
> Distinguishes the happy Fair!
>
> *Somerville.*

Such was the power of our heroine over

her princely adorer, that, no sooner did he complete the night with this his "darling in his arms," than, following her testimony, it was expected of him, when he rose up, to take down her "list of names" for promotion, "which was pinned up at the head of the bed," and inspect it accordingly. "He read it," says Mrs. Clarke, "in my presence, drew up the curtain; and afterwards came to me, and made the remark that he would do every one by degrees, or make them, or to that effect." Another circumstance displays the Duke's entire confidence in Mrs. Clarke. Precisely at the time when, towards the end of the year 1803, Mr. Adam was instituting enquiries respecting her history, for the purposes of developing her character, he, by the desire of his Royal Highness, waited upon Mrs. Clarke, to ascertain, as well as he could, the authenticity of the particulars which were then discovered. It had been found, that Mrs. Clarke was married, while a minor, at Pancras, and not, as by her told, at Berkhampstead. She, nevertheless, endeavoured to hoax Mr. Adam into the belief of her own tale. "I told the Duke," observes Mrs. Clarke, "I was making a fool of him (Mr. Adam) when I said that: for which, his Royal Highness said he was very sorry, for that *he was entirely in Mr. Adam's clutches.*" Is not this what we commonly define to be double-dealing? The Duke, if we credit Mr. Adam, directs him to investigate the improprieties of his mistress; and then, according to Mrs. Clarke, only blames her for baffling the inquisition because he was "in Mr. Adam's clutches." This coincidence of contrarieties fully explains what Mr. Adam stated, when he said, in the Commons, "*I found the Duke of York not inclined to believe that there could be any thing wrong in* that quarter *(Mrs. Clarke)*, and that he continued of that opinion almost to the last, *till the very close of the connection.*" Well might she impute it to Mr. Adam, as appears from the testimony of Colonel M'Mahon, coupled with events, that her illustrious paramour finally determined to separate himself from her. "She appeared," says Mr. Adam, "very much surprised at the communication (respecting the separation, which took effect on the 11th of May 1806): she did *not* appear *exasperated*, but she declared her determination to see the *Duke of York* again; and I collected, from what she said, that *she expected to be able to prevail upon him to receive her again under his protection.*" Nor does this expectation appear as any thing extraordinary. From the July of 1805, when her malpractices were first detected, to the May of 1806, the Royal Person lived in continual libration of resolution; and, halting between two opinions, or between his judgment and his feelings, he could not bring himself to dissolve this cohabitation. It was not without strong ground, therefore, that Mrs. Clarke still reckoned upon the exertion of her influence against the announced determination of the Duke of York. Truly may we here exclaim, with Somerville's 'Bald Bachelor,'—

O Dalilah! perfidious fair!
O sex ingenious to ensnare!
How faithless all your doings are!
Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride!

Mrs. Clarke's entire connection with the Duke of York must have subsisted for some years. His more illustrious protection was openly extended to her, in Gloucester-place, between the years 1803-4; but it was wholly withdrawn from her in the spring of 1806.

She owes to her husband the privation of her royal lover; and she is indebted to her own misconduct, if we are to credit the Duke of York and Mr. Adam, for the non-pay-ment of her stipulated annuity. "It came to my knowledge," says Mr. Adam, "late in the year 1805, that the husband *(Joseph Clarke)* of the person who has been examined *(Mary Ann Clarke)* at the bar, threatened an action for *Criminal Conversation* against the *Duke of York*: it was necessary to enquire into the circumstances of the case; and it fell to my lot, from the communications which I had upon other subjects with his Royal Highness, and from the intercourse which had constantly and invariably subsisted (if I may use the expression) between his Royal Highness and

myself, that I should give directions for those enquiries." One enquiry, as is usual, led, in this case, to another; and, continues Mr. Adam, "these transactions," discoveries resulting from this inquisition, "came to be brought more directly home to his Royal Highness's attention by *a fact which I could state*, if it were fit according to the rules of evidence," &c. Here, then, is clearly traced, and firmly proved, the real cause of amatorial dissolution between his Royal Highness and Mrs. Clarke.

What is to be understood as to her alleged misconduct, rendering her subject to the forfeiture of her annuity, promised to her conditionally, it remains to ascertain. If, as Mrs. Clarke declared to Colonel Mac Mahon, that, upon the promise of having 4001. a year allowed her by the Duke of York, as his parting pension, "she had accordingly retired into Devonshire for several months, but, failing to receive the remittances she expected, she had been driven to town for the purpose of gaining her arrears, placing her annuity upon a more regular mode of payment, and of securing the punctuality of it to her in future," if such were the object of her last obnoxious excursion to our metropolis, it is really difficult to discern any thing reprehensible in her deportment on this occasion. His Royal Highness, however, when the business was mentioned to him by Colonel Mac Mahon, immediately answered—"Her conduct is so abominable that I will hear nothing at all about her." If the Duke's answer admits of reasonable explanation, perhaps it is in the two following letters, written, respecting him to Mr. Adams, anterior to Colonel Mac Mahon's interview with Mrs. Clarke. It was to these letters she alluded, when she assured Colonel Mac Mahon, that "his Royal Highness was prepared to hear what he had to say."

"Sir,—On the 11th of May, 1806, you waited on me by desire of H. R. H. the Duke of York, to state H. R. H.'s intention of allowing me an annuity of four hundred per annum. H. R. H. by his promise is now indebted to me five hundred pounds. I have written repeatedly, but of no avail. H. R. H.'s conduct towards me has been so devoid of principle, feeling, and honour; and as his promises are not to be depended on, though even given by you, I have come to the determination of making my intentions known to you, for the consideration of H. R. H.;—and thus it is:—I solicit H. R. H. to make the annuity secure for my life, and to pay me the arrears immediately, as my necessities are very pressing (this he knows). If H. R. H. refuses to do this, I have no other mode for my immediate wants, than to publish every circumstance ever communicated to me by H. R. H. and every thing which has come under my knowledge during our intimacy, with all his letters; those things amount to something serious: he is more within my power than may be imagined. Yet I wish for H. R. H.'s sake and my own, that he will make my request good, as I know full well I should suffer much in exposing him in my own mind; yet before I do any thing publicly, I will send to every one of H. R. H.'s family, a copy of what I mean to publish. Had H. R. H. only have been a little punctual, this request had never been made. One thing more: should H. R. H. throw up his protection to my boy (for I thank him much for the past) I hope he will place him on the foundation of the charter-house or any other public school: the child is not accountable for my conduct. You will please then, to state this communication to the Duke of York; and on Wednesday I will send to your house, to know what may be H. R. H.'s intention; which you will please to signify by a letter to

"Your most obedient
"Humble servant,
"M. A. Clarke."

"Sunday Morning, June 19."

"His Royal Highness must feel, that his conduct on a late affair deserves all this from me, and more."

"William Adam, Esq. Bloomsbury-square."

"*Private.*"

Indorsed—Mrs. Clarke, 19 June, 1808.

"11, Holles-street,
Cavendish-square."

"Sir—On Wednesday, finding there was not any answer to my letter, I am led to

believe, that H. R. H. the Duke of York, thinks proper not to make good his promise given to you, and that you encourage him in it.

"I have employed myself since, in committing to paper every circumstance within my recollection, during the intimacy of H. R. H. and myself. The fifty or sixty letters of H. R. H. will give weight and truth to the whole. On Tuesday I have promised to give these up, if I hear nothing further after this last notice; and when once given out of my own possession, it will be impossible to recall. It is to Gentlemen, and not any publisher, they will be committed; and those Gentlemen are as obstinate as his Royal Highness, and more independent: they are acquaintances of yours; and to relieve my wants in pique to others, will do what the Duke will not: however, he has it all within his own power, and so he may act as he pleases.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient

"Saturday Morning." "M. A. CLARKE."

"William Adam, Esq. Bloomsbury-square."

These letters fix one leading fact in the history of our heroine. As early as the June of 1808, she had, it is now seen, resolved to avail herself of the advantages to be derived from publishing her epistolary correspondence. It was then, too, that she began to employ herself in committing to paper every circumstance, within her recollection, connected with the intercourse between herself and her illustrious protector. Equally to be observed is her description of the gentlemen to whom she was about to give up her letters and papers; and by whom, in all probability, the project of the subsequent parliamentary enquiry was then concerted. Not to any publisher, not even to a Sir Richard Phillips, but to a Colonel Wardle, or to a Lord Folkstone, or to a Sir Francis Burdett, were her 'Recollections' to be entrusted and committed. A Finnerty, or a Mac Cullum, was alike discarded from her consultations. The cabinet of Holles-street was not so "dove-tailed" as the cabinet of Gloucester-place. She found no longer need for "Newspapermen" to take care of her concerns.

With such reluctance did the Duke of York separate from Mrs. Clarke, that, notwithstanding her pecuniary extravagances, he appears to have cherished the purpose of retaining her upon some reduced establishment. Even when he ceased to see her, he could not refrain from writing to her; and, what calls for any thing rather than blame, he, at one time, evidently transmitted to her, as applied for, the sum of two hundred pounds. After "those sacrifices" he owns she had "made to him," it would have been as well, if, suffering his sensibility to stimulate his benevolence, he had extended his kindness by attending to her solicitations respecting her son. His present charity to her offspring would furnish no dishonourable evidence of his former affection to the mother.

The trial of parting, indeed, was what the Duke of York anxiously shifted from himself. To Mr. Adam was devolved the task of informing Mrs. Clarke of his first resolution to separate from her; and when, after subsequently receiving his written determination, concerted with Mr. Greenwood, to the same effect, Mrs. Clarke, impelled by instantaneous emotions, sought his Royal Highness, at his own residence in Portman Square, on the same night, after Mr. Greenwood had dined there with him, "he," says Mrs. Clarke, "*ran away from me*, after Mr. Greenwood had left him." Does not this solitary circumstance sufficiently testify how much the Duke, aware of her power over his feelings, dreaded the consequences of personal interviews with Mrs. Clarke? "*If it could be of the least advantage to either of us*," he writes to her, "*I should not hesitate in complying with your wish to see me*; (compliance, by the way, notwithstanding their then actual separation!) but as a *meeting must*, I should think, be *painful to both of us*, under the *present* circumstances, *I must decline it*." Who, reading this passage, will attempt to deny Mrs. Clarke's ascendancy over his Royal Highness's affections? Wisely, therefore, if he meant to adhere to the best act of his life, did the royal lover bring himself to decline any farther personal intercourse with his mistress. It might have

proved no less dangerous than painful. Great, however, as was her power with the Duke of York, still it does not appear, from any known fact, that Mrs. Clarke ever dishonestly availed herself of his name, under all her distress, to procure money. While "borne down with the accumulation of distress," as her bitterest adversary tells us, even though proceeding "from her inconsiderate prodigality," if, in this case, she did prefer "the dreadful expedient of risking *her life* to supply the pressing calls upon her *for money*," his *Highness*, who states himself obligated to her for "the sacrifices" she had made to him, was the *only person*, let this sycophantic pamphletteer think as he can, who should *not* have "suffered the *law to take its course*," and so "relieved the Commons of England from the irksome task of developing her criminal transgressions." So, for the sake of saving the Duke of York from parliamentary investigation, this wretch would have consigned Mrs. Clarke to herd with the worst of malefactors; and given her undoubted occasion, both during her public trial and consequent execution, to attribute her destruction to the Duke of York, and, perhaps, leave her blood upon his head! It makes one shudder to think of this wiseacre's alternative.

One of Mrs. Clarke's libellers, for it is possible to libel even her, gravely assures us, that, in his mind, "there exists most presumptive evidence of her connexions with Mr. Samuel Carter, her footman, for whom she afterwards procured a Commission," &c. Now, passing by the ungentlemanly and unwarrantable language with which Ensign Carter is here described, had our shameless writer, when he penned the passage, ever truly considered the epistolary correspondence of this traduced officer? Let him point out, if he can, one expression, from Carter to Mrs. Clarke, that will in the least authorise his "presumptive evidence of her connexions" with this then youth! Such insinuations are as revolting to society, as they are injurious to the individuals against whom they seem directed. Is it in poor Carter's distantly respectful addresses to Mrs. Clarke, as his "Honoured Madam?" is it in the profound energy of his gratitude for "the kind benevolence" he had "experienced" from her? is it in his "fears that some part of his conduct" might have "offended" her, and his heartfelt exclamation of "God Almighty forbid!" that it should? or, finally, is it in his agonising supplication, to her, that her "goodness," of which he had a "perfect knowledge," would not "suffer him to starve in the situation she had been pleased to place him?"—Is it in these parts of Ensign Carter's letters, and many such, that our knowing writer grounds his "presumptive evidence" of illicit connexion between him and Mrs. Clarke? How delightful must calumny be, when men will shut their eyes in order to find it out! Ensign Carter owes no thanks to Col. Wardle.

Much importance has been attached to the Letter addressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of York to the Speaker of the House of Commons. As far as this document relates to Mrs. Clarke, instead of disclaiming her influence, it regrets and laments the consequences resulting from the connection to which it adverts. The royal lover does not reprobate the connection itself; and there seems reason to believe that this letter, of which enough has been said, was by no means the composition of him whose signature it obtained. It may be the cant of the Exchequer, but it is too crouching for the mind of Royalty.

Of those gentlemen who became acquainted with our heroine, chiefly respecting military affairs, most of them seem to have been scarcely less fascinated by her blandishments than obliged by her services. "Family man" as he was, and whatever "motives the world" may now be "inclined to attribute to their acquaintance," General Clavering, though he wished it to be concealed from the world, is as anxious to see Mrs. Clarke, when he comes from Bishops Waltham to London, as any of her other military supplicants.—"I shall not," he writes to her, in 1804, "pursue the Partridges on the first of September; on the contrary, propose being in London in the course of the morning, and beg you will send me word, at the Prince of Wales's

Coffee-House, whether you can receive me in boots about six, or later, if you please." This interesting correspondence always begins with "My dear Mrs. C——;" and ends, of course, with "very truly your's," or "always very truly your's," or "your's, very truly," by H. M. Clavering. General Clavering is indebted to Mr. Ogilvie, who first brought him in contact with Mrs Clarke, for whatever of gratification, or advantage, has resulted from this amicable intercourse. As to Mr. Maltby, another of our heroine's suitors, he does not hesitate to pronounce, with extatic admiration, that she "would be quite a Treasure, *in every way*, to any Secretary of State!"

Col. M'Mahon, between whom and Mrs. Clarke there is some little variation of evidence as to their personal interviews at Bedford Place, appears, nevertheless, to have conceived an uncommon interest, "at first sight," for our "darling" heroine. He "presents his best compliments to Mrs. Clarke;" and utters "a thousand thanks for the loan of her seal, from which he has had an impression taken in remembrance of her sprightly device!" "While I lament," he afterwards adds, "my total inability to serve Mrs. Clarke (he had been trying to obtain the Duke of York's regard to her complaints), I am ready to confess that, in the few interviews I have had the honour to hold with her, her conduct and conversation demanded nothing but my respect and the good wishes which I bear her!"

What will yet be the lot of this woman, whom only Colonel Wardle, of all her male friends, seems to have had wit enough to manage? Established as she now is, surrounded and supported by her petticoat partisans, the transient splendour of Gloucester Place exchanged for the independant dignity of Westbourne Place, she forms an object of most uncommon contemplation. Her resources are more than replenishing; her influence, personally and relatively, is extended; and her distinction is at its meridian. After having driven the Son of her King from one of the highest posts in the state, and been the occasion of committing a Colonel and a General to jail; after her elevation and her notoriety, strange will it be if, as one memoir-writer thinks, "she, who rolled to scenes of dissipation in the gilded chariot of royal munificence," should "be conveyed to her grave in an unadorned coffin, afforded by the frigid hand of parochial charity!" Mrs. Clarke, however, has connected herself with the public feeling, and as her fate differs, in this point, from the Nell Gwynns or Kitty Fishers of past years, the purses of "her party" will perhaps remain open to the demands of her circumstances. The adversaries of her royal lover are bound to support her, whose *exposè* has surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Her claim is firm. It is not because she is the "Sweetest Darling Love," a "Dear, Dear Love," the "Sweetest Dearest Love," or even an "Angel," with "dear hands" able to write any "dear pretty letter,"—but it is because she has humbled the power of him who wrote "all these kind things" to her, because she has proved a Dalilah to Samson, that our heroine enforces their consideration and demands their support!

HUNTINGTON CRITICISED.

"A LIVELY FAITH will bear aloft the mind,
"And leave the *luggage* of *good works* behind!"

DRYDEN.

LORD Verulam, adverting to Mahomet, makes some profound observations on those characters who are emulous of propagating any particular species of belief. He considers such persons as actuated by spiritual ambition; and labouring to acquire and

consolidate a dominion over the *minds* of men, which (he justly asserts) is infinitely more flattering to the pride of its possessor than any extent of power affecting their *persons* only. Writers and orators, philosophers and poets, legislators and politicians, have alike contended for the empire of intellect. It is, therefore, by no means difficult to conceive that so universal an incentive to excellence, so uniform in its operations, must mingle, however imperceptibly, with the purest passion for publicity. If it be not even the original stimulus to action, it will at least be engendered by success.

Few men, indeed, enjoy *intellectual domination* so considerably as the leaders of religious sects. Methodism is, in this respect, very closely allied to Popery. Like *the priest, the preacher is every thing*: he is the arbiter of families, and the controller of consciences. Secrets are open to his observation, and actions are determined, or annulled by his fiat. He *must* be more than mortal who is unaffected by such circumstances. How inefficacious are the efforts of external force, compared with this consentaneous subjection of the mind! These reflections obtrude themselves upon me, when I am considering the origin, the pretensions, the progress, the rapid success, and ultimate establishment, of the extraordinary individual whom I have selected as the subject of this paper.

I shall not stray, however, into the regions of contemporary biography. With many events in the life of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON I have, at present, no concern. The world has been his confessional; to which he has made known, with a frankness worthy of Rousseau, his various wickednesses. His admiring *followers* have, most devoutly *absolved* him from all past obliquities; and he esteems himself freed, by an "*imputed righteousness*," from the effects of any subsequent transgressions. Admirable sinner! wonderful saint!—But, "Faith can remove mountains;" and he has a "Bank of Faith."

There are three characteristic causes, which strike me as having essentially contributed to the prosperity of Mr. Huntington. His EFFRONTERY, his VULGARITY, his SINGULARITY. I shall not particularly insist either on the *ignorance* or *credulity* of his disciples, though these also have conduced to his success: for, to borrow one more remark from my Lord Verulam, it is "a part "of special furtherance, to all such as have "achieved great things, when they have "found matter *disposed to receive* form." This is an incontestible fact. Let the reader apply it.

When has the *Effrontery* of this individual been exceeded? Look at his history. Boasting, as it were, of the immorality and impiety of his early life, he suddenly assumes the garb of holiness, pretends to special providential interferences on his behalf, and in his minutest and most unworthy concerns; and, thus working on ignorance and credulity, partly indebted to the sottishness of men and partly to the weaknesses of women, he establishes himself as the infallible dictator of divinity. Him and his adherents are to be esteemed a chosen and immaculate people; while he openly arraigns, and eternally anathematises, all who differ from his spiritual dogmas. When the leader of our present Arminians, the late Rev. John Wesley, died, it was then that William Huntington declared, from his pulpit in Providence Chapel, that John Wesley was burning in Hell!

As to the *Vulgarity* of this Apostle of Antinomianism, it is impracticable to describe it adequately. He has eminently learned *so* to "condescend to those of low estate." Whether he is contemplated in the familiar intercourses of society, or in the exercise of his public functions; whether you attend him in the arrangement of his agricultural concerns at Ealing, or survey him employed in the pious, and still more profitable, offices of Little Titchfield-street; meet with him and listen to him, when or where you may, he is the same, and alway the same. He has lost nothing of the rudeness of his original blackness.

It is to his *Singularity*, however, that he seems principally to owe his celebrity; and, of course, much of his opulence. His career has been singular; many of his opinions are singular; his personal appearance is rather singular; his chapel is singular; his manner, as a preacher, is entirely

singular; and his fate is also singular. Whatever be his defects. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON is a man of penetrative genius: he knows, perhaps as well as most men, the value of singularity. Nature has endowed him with considerable vigour and originality of mind, but *he* has, at the same time, wisely extended this originality to all he does. I shall chiefly dwell on his *Style and Manner of Preaching*.

Mr. Huntington not only excels in what is called public speaking, but his peculiarities likewise distinguish him from other preachers. With a bulky bible under his arm, in the old dissenting style, he enters his pulpit: his text once announced, the bible is then closed, and put aside, with as much method as it was first introduced. Here is one secret of Huntington's success. Whether it arise from due reverence to the Sacred Scriptures, from the undoubted necessity of being correct in quotations from them, or from anxiety to impress their congregations, by immediately referring them to chapter and verse, with the accuracy and propriety of such quotations, the clergy, of every denomination, consider it incumbent on them to give to biblical citations the sanction of authenticity, by grounding them either on transcribed or printed documents. Mr. Huntington, however, has all this at his "fingers' ends." Having laid on one side the volume of inspiration, and disdaining the trammels of transcription, he proceeds directly to his object; and, excepting incidental digressions, as—"*Take care of your pockets!*" "*Wake that snoring sinner!*"—"*Silence that noisy numskul!*"—"*Turn out that drunken dog!*"—excepting such occasional digressions, which, like the episodes of poetry, must, when skilfully introduced, be understood to heighten the effect of the whole, our orator never deviates from the course in which he set out. He has other advantages over many of his pulpit competitors. Being of the metaphorical and allegorical school, as well as possessing his citations by rote, there is seldom to be found the passage, from the Book of Genesis to the Revelation of St. John, that may not have, remotely or allusively, some connection with the subject immediately under his investigation. Hence the variety, as well as fertility, of his eloquence! Hence the novelty of his commentaries; his truly astonishing talent of reconciling texts, else undoubtedly incongruous; and of discovering dissimilarities, and asserting difficulties, where none were believed to exist!—"He who has ears to hear, let him hear."

"What, preach without a Bible; and yet "be able to repeat the Bible from beginning "to end!"—Yes, this can be done, and it is done, by WILLIAM HUNTINGTON. The effect of this is still more surprising. There is, however, something imposing in such displays of superiority; and by those who are capable of estimating the bias of ordinary minds, consequences may easily be calculated. Add to this, the nature of his tenets and the confidence with which he maintains them, his manner, and his system of interpreting and applying the Sacred Scriptures, and his success, though enigmatical, is not inexplicable.

Such is WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S. Lavater, were he alive to physiognomise this celebrated individual, especially with reference to the awful functions which he exercises, might, probably, discover some objections even to his countenance. To the character of an orator he has no legitimate pretensions. His style of *preaching* is that of *talking*; his discourses have all the air of story-telling. His intellectual acquirements are confessedly superficial. He owes his distinction to the absence of those qualities by which other men obtain reputation.

Still he is a man of genius; and, what to him has been infinitely more important, he is a son of Providence itself! It is the property of superior men to have either fate, or fortune, or a providence, on their side. Mr. Huntington has been happy in this respect; and his "*Bank of Faith*" has drawn pretty largely on the "*Bank of England.*" With great natural endowments then, and greater supernatural assistances, what marvel that he has attained the eminence upon which he is now fixed; and whence, I doubt not, he looks down without emotion to the efforts of his assailants! Like many exalted personages, the destinies, it appears, are for him. There is no contending against destiny.

ONESIMUS.

THE LYRE.

We give, in charge,
Their names to the sweet Lyre.———
COWPER.

TO MISS J. W.

Dear J * * * ! I may, indeed, grow old,
But not, like aged bosoms, cold;
Whom once I truly deem a friend,
My heart would cherish to the end!
Though youthful charms invest thee now,
'Tis not to youthful charms I vow:
I know that time must yet impair
The thrilling glance, the playful air;
And think, when those no longer fire,
Thy worth shall then regard inspire.
The love thy merits now obtain,
Thy virtues firmly shall retain!

December 22, 1804. *OMA.*

BRISTOL HOT-WELLS.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's Springs,
Whoe'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,
Shall prove these salutary springs in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damp of death,
And catch, in dumb despair, the shorten'ing breath;—
If chance direct him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine!
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtues warm'd me and whose beauties blest;
Fram'd every tie, that binds the soul, to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
But yet, remembering, that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
The starting tear is dry, I kiss the rod;
And, not to earth resign her, but—to God!

AMICUS.

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
Or rhime, or scrawl, or scribble, to a man!—
POPE.

Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, and of the various Periodical Papers which (in Imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison) have been published between the close of the eighth volume of the Spectator and the commencement of the year Eighteen-hundred and Nine.—By Nathan Drake, M. D. &c. &c. pp 499. *Vol. I.*

AS there seems no subject more generally interesting, next to Bonaparte himself, than the opinion now forming of his character, especially when this estimate is formed by men of mind, our readers will, we think, thank us for laying before them, without delay, Dr. Drake's

Character of Bonaparte.

Specifying, in his elucidation of the Literary Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, this author's contributions to The Adventurer, "in No. 99, on *Projectors*," says Dr. Drake, and on the absurdity of judging of actions by the event, occurs the following passage:

"'The last Royal Projectors, with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his enquiries, had proposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way, by the sword, through the whole circuit of Asia, and, by the conquest of Turkey, to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been con-

sidered as a madman, by those powers who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals to learn under him the art of war.'"

"The *present* age," observes Dr. Drake, "has been doomed to witness the too successful ambition of another *Royal Projector*, whose plans are still in progression; and who appears destined to unite, under one monarchy, the continents of Europe and Asia. As daring and enterprising as Charles, as crafty and politic as the Czar, and more void of principle than either, he (Napoleon Bonaparte!) combines the greatest military talents with the wary foresight and prospective cunning of the legislator. The only obstacle, indeed, to the complete subjugation, and consequent slavery, of the civilised world, is the gallant and spirited resistance of These Islands, the sole remaining seat of rational liberty; and where maritime power is now so vast and extended, as to thwart the views of the tyrant, to whatever quarter of the globe they are directed."

Dr. Drake's acquaintance with the history of our periodical papers, or current essays, might seem astonishing to those students by whom his sources of information are unexplored. He enumerates and criticises upwards of twenty-six periodical essayists scarcely known to our national literature, but of which some, he thinks, are worthy of revival among readers. All these adventurers appeared previously to the close of the eighth volume of the celebrated Spectator. "From the close of the eighth volume of the Spectator, on December the 20th, 1714," observes our author, "to the appearance of the Rambler in 1750, we possess a long and unbroken catalogue (amounting to fifty-six in number), of periodical papers" Dr. Drake has judiciously interwoven, with his narrative of this species of periodical literature, many amusing and interesting specimens of some of the writings on which he passes judgment; while he also preserves, wherever practicable, interesting notices of their various authors.

It is upon "The Literary Life of Dr. Johnson," however, that Dr. Drake bestows his principal attention. This last performance, occupying upwards of three-fourths of his present essays, displays indefatigable industry in the accumulation of literary materials, and admirable discrimination in the arrangement of their composition. His critical examination of the character of the illustrious "Rambler," as contrasted with preceding periodical papers, is acute, novel, and able.—"Is it not surprising," we are asked, "that this friend and companion (Boswell) of our illustrious author, who has obliged the public with the most perfect delineation ever exhibited of any human being, and who declared, so often, that he was determined, to lose no drop of that immortal man; that one so inquisitive after the most trifling circumstance connected with Dr. Johnson's character, should have never heard, or discovered, that Dr. Johnson almost RE-WROTE the RAMBLER after the *first* folio edition?—The *alterations* made by Dr. Johnson, in the *second and third* edition of the *Rambler*, far exceed *six thousand*," &c. &c.

"That these alterations are for the better" adds Dr. Drake, "cannot be denied, and the same unremitting attention to correctness and improvement is visible, upon collation, through every page of the Rambler; a circumstance which should teach aspiring genius how necessary, even to the greatest abilities, is diligent and patient revision." So much, nevertheless, against the credit assumed for him, by many of Dr. Johnson's admirers, as to the fluency and ability with which he was reported to have originally composed the Numbers of the Rambler; without any apparent preparation, and often while the printer's devil was in waiting to take his current essay to the press! What he wrote in haste, he revised at leisure; and the finished papers of his Rambler, it is now known, were first ushered into the world, like Thomson's poem of "The Seasons," in a state far less perfect than we are always accustomed to admire them.

"The publication of the Rambler," according to Dr. Drake, "produced a very rapid revolution in the tone of English composition; an elevation and dignity, an harmony and energy, a precision and force of style, previously unknown in the history of our literature, speedily became objects of daily emulation; and the school of Johnson increased with such celerity, that it soon embraced the greater part of the literary characters of the day, and was consequently founded on such a basis as will not easily be shaken by succeeding modes."

We regret that our space does not leave to us the choice of doing true justice to Dr. Drake's new volume of his "Essays," which properly terminates with one general encomium on Dr. Johnson. "Whether considered as a biographer, an essayist, a lexicographer, or a critic, he is alike entitled to the gratitude of his country and of mankind."

Dr. Drake, we are pleased to see, has, in the execution of this part of his comprehensive

plan, restricted his quotations, and thereby given to the present volumes more of unity, consistency, and effect. We wish him health to complete his lettered labours, and years to enjoy the fruits of his meritorious exertions. His illustrative "Essays" must form a valuable accession to the stock of our national literature.

Memoirs of the celebrated Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, &c. &c. pp. 55, 8vo.

A malicious and self-defeated attempt to paint Satan blacker than he is. Many of the anecdotes, here told, are extremely doubtful as to veraciousness; the reflections, accompanying such anecdotes, are severe without being acute, and illiberal without being ingenious; and the pamphlet is, on the whole, miserably executed.

Observations and Strictures on the Conduct of Mrs. Clarke, by a Lady.

"Fools and their money," saith one of our wise saws, "are soon parted;" and so, truly, thought we, when we found ourselves in possession of the thirty-seven meagre pages of this water-gruel pamphlet in exchange for two silver shillings!! The following forms the most interesting passage in the present Lady's production; and as we are of opinion, with the rhyming butler, that it is better for being in rhyme, we take the liberty to transcribe it entire, as well for the benefit of Mrs. Clarke as for the pleasure of our readers.

Oft aerial bubbles, rising to the sight,
The morn unfolds, yet disappear at night.
As vivid meteors part the evening sky,
Affright, confound, yet into vapour die;
So shall thy malice and revenge, poor Clarke,
Entomb thy honour; and if one small spark
Of deep regret thy bosom should explore,
Repent! atone! and frail, O! err no more.
For life must vanish, and thy vicious joys
Will end in sorrow—as all nature dies!
Or, when at death, what solace canst thou know,
What consolation from thy conscience flow,
To ease thy pangs, and soften Mis'ry's rod,
And claim forgiveness at the throne of God?

Our authoress, by the way, favours us with one quotation from the writings of Lord Verulam; for whose genius our respect is such, that besides its applicability to the topics now under discussion, we think fit to follow, in this case, the example set before us by the Lady herself.—"*Truth*," observes the noble writer, "*is like a cork. The hand of violence may press it down for a while, but it will buoy up at last.*" Reader, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, this great truism!

The Forest of Comalvo, a Novel, &c. &c. &c. By Mary Hill, 3 vols.

Considering the Forest of Comalva as the first production of a virgin writer, we entered it with much apprehension. We have passed through it, however, without any danger; and, though it abounds neither with pedestrian petitioners nor wayfaring murderers, we do not regret the events of our journey. It is something not to have failed in any first attempt.

Miss Hill, while something of the traveller, is, as the following citation will evince, no contemptible politician.—"The most gloomy pen can give only a very faint idea of the deplorable misery of one half of Europe, since this *war* of guilty *strife* has agitated the Continent; for every one, more or less, feels its power. *They are panic-struck; and await, with terror, the thunderbolt which ere long must fall upon them, through their groundless timidity.*"——"Whoever has read Don Quixotte," says Miss Hill, on arriving at Falavera, in Spain, "must call to mind several scenes in the picturesque, as well as comic, work; and (at the Inn there) it is curious to hear their conversations: for they have no distinction of persons; and are very sociable with each other. The fire is in the middle of the kitchen; round which every one presses in, with stew-pans and pipkins, with spits and gridirons, to cook their supper as well as they can."

LITERARY OBITUARY.

So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company!—
WALLER.

FRENCH LAURENCE, L.L.D.—To the formidable catalogue of deceased and eminent characters, who have successively been snatched from society, within the last few years, is now to be added the name of French Laurence, L.L.D. and Member of Parliament for Peterborough. This Gentleman fell the victim of rapid and unexpected decline. He expired on Monday, February 27, in the vigour of his days and the maturity of his talents.

Distinguished as a civilian, a political philosopher, a poet, and a senator, his death must, without partiallty to him individually, be considered as a public bereavement. By the operation of vigorous intellects, combined with persevering application, Dr. Laurence rose into high professional estimation. He became politically known by the active part that he took, during 1784, in favour of Mr. Fox's contested election for Westminster. His career in the Senate was highly respectable. His opinions, which he not unfrequently delivered in the House of Commons, were the result of deep thought, couched in striking and nervous language, and were always respectfully received.

As a poet and wit, the 'Rolliad,' and 'Probationary Odes,' of which the Preface and Notes to the former were mostly from his pen, have established Dr. Laurence's reputation beyond the chances of mutability. He was also author of several Election Ballads, which reflect credit on his genius; and of various Minor Pieces, which appeared in the 'Poetical Register,' and which sufficiently evince the strength and versatility of his talents.

One of the Executors of the late Edmund Burke, it became the province of Dr. Laurence, in discharge of the trust so reposed in him, to superintend the Posthumous Publications, together with the other Literary Property, of that illustrious writer and profound statesmen. Among these works, the conducting of the old 'Annual Register,' in the composition of which Dr. Laurence had long assisted, came, at the death of Mr. Burke, entirely under his direction. Of the volumes immediately subsequent, published by Rivingtons, the Prefaces, and some portions of the History of Europe, are written by Dr. Laurence. These compositions would alone sustain his literary character. Much is it to be regretted, that his other avocations, which were multifarious and perplexing, prevented him from extending his credit as an author.—From him, and only him, was eventually to be expected the real life of Burke. He has suddenly descended to that grave where there is no more either of work or device!

Dead, however, he still lives. His memory will long survive his burial. Endeared to his friends by his virtues, valued by the public for his writings, and respected by his compatriots for his senatorial character, he is exempted from the common lot of oblivion; and the recollection of his conduct and talents will linger some time longer among mankind.—

Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold!
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.
COWPER.

This hasty and imperfect testimony to the merits of French Laurence, has nothing but truth and sincerity to recommend it. He is one of those, let it be added, who seem, as public persons, to have been happily taken from the evil that is to come! He lived in better times.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.—If the man who successively figures in the diversified avocations of shoemaker, and actor, and jockey, and scrivener, and author, and tourist, may be supposed to know life and human beings, then will it be allowed that the late Thomas Holcroft, recently deceased, possessed some claims to contemporary celebrity. Singular indeed was his character; and multifarious and extraordinary were his productions. 'Anna St. Ives' is the best of his novels, and the 'Road to Ruin' of his dramas. His life was tolerably extended. He died because he could live no longer: for Thomas Holcroft held, no less than William Godwin, that to be old was the fault of the

Roubiliac sculp. Westbrook sculp.

Monument to the Memory of
Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale Esq. & his Lady;
Posited in Westminster Abbey.

man; and that men might, if so they pleased to do, baulk Death of his conquest, and the grave of its tenant!

Genius, however, Thomas Holcroft certainly possessed. One or two of his books have merit. As to his travels, which were published by, if not undertaken at the request of, the present Sir Richard Phillips, with whom our author was wont to be in high note, they are now little remembered. He was one of the philosophers of our days; and this spirit, which pervaded all he wrote, was frequently prejudicial to his literary character.

He bore "a lingering and painful illness," at his house in Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, with the stoicism of philosophy; for, he knew not the resignation of religion. He died in his sixty-first year. He had acquired, by his individual assiduity, such acquaintance with living languages as eminently qualified him for the drudgeries of translation; and it is painful to add, therefore, that his laborious exertions, possessing much originality, were inadequate to secure his last wife, together with six children, from the casualties of existence! He is also stated to have bequeathed, perhaps to the Literary Fund, two daughters by his first marriage. Mr. Holcroft died on Thursday, March 23, 1809.

MRS. COWLEY.—This lady, whose dramatic and poetic talents have acquired her celebrity, is stated to have died at Tiverton in Devonshire, her native place, on the 11th of March last.

FINE ARTS.

British Remains.

Let laurels, drench'd in pure parnassian dews,
Reward his memory—dear to every muse!—
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws;
And, will prevail—or perish—in her cause!

COWPER.

THE NIGHTINGALE MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Majestic Edifice! of pious toil,
"Whose Tow'rs sublime, in Gothic grandeur
"soar,
"Where Death sits brooding, o'er his noblest
"spoil,
"And strews with royal dust, the sacred floor.
"Unfold thy gloomy portals to my song
"Ye dusky aisles! ye lonely cloysters, hail!
"Come inspiration! lead my steps along,
"And all the secrets of the Grave unveil."

Ode to Westminster Abbey, by an anonymous hand.

"WHEN I look, (says the immortal moralist, the judicious Addison) upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me, when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred

years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries and make one appearance together."

Of such a nature must be the sentiments and reflections of every *thinking* wanderer amongst the tombs in this august and solemn pile; and though the whimsical and almost ludicrous costume exhibited on some of the monuments may excite a smile, yet light must be the *mind* and callous must be the *heart* which do not feel an awful sensation, mingled with admiration, of the sculptor's skill, whilst cotemplating the monument which we have selected for the embellishment of this number.

At the period in which this monument was erected, about the middle of the last century, the beams of royal patronage and of public encouragement, had not shone upon British genius, then in its infancy, but soon after shewing its rapid approach to maturity in the bold designs of a Wilton. At that time though Britain did not boast the name of any of her sons enrolled upon the *sculptured* list of fame, yet she has at least the merit of fostering that genius whose native soil had refused him an asylum. Roubiliac, the artist who executed this monument, and the competitor of Rysbrack, was a native of Lyons, a city which has been the birth-place of many eminent sculptors, after acquiring the rudiments of his art in France and Italy, he repaired to England, where his merit met with every due encouragement. It has been urged against him by some critics, that there is a want of simplicity in his designs, and that there is a certain French air in all the works of this artist: this apparent want of simplicity, however, may arise from the high finish which all his works possess, and it is certainly *not* in the present specimen of his skill that we are to look for the *French air* complained of.

An inscription informs us that here "rest the ashes of Joseph Gascoyne Nightingale, of Mamhead, in the County of Devon, Esq. who died July the 20th, 1752, aged 56; and of Lady Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and coheir of Washington, Earl Ferrers, who died August the 17th, 1734, aged 27. Their only son, Washington Gascoyne Nightingale, Esq. deceased, in memory of their virtues did, by his last will, order this monument to be erected;" and in so doing, it has been well observed, that he has not only immortalized their memories, but also the fame of Roubiliac, the sculptor. Much and discordant criticism has taken place respecting the real merits of this composition: this may, in a great degree, have arisen from the jealous rivalry of his contemporaries; but later critics have acknowledged that this wonderful tomb is one of the greatest efforts of a great mind, and that it is characteristic from the key-stone of the grey marble rustic niche, to the base of the yawning sepulchre, whose heavy doors have burst open to release a skeleton, clothed in a funeral shroud, of such surprising truth of expression, and correctness of design, as it perhaps never fell to the lot of any single genius before to execute.

The dying figure of Lady Elizabeth seems to live even in death, whilst she appears to exert the last powers of her fading strength, to clasp and lean upon a beloved husband, whose extended arm would repel the unerring dart pointed at her breast; in short, to use the words of that judicious writer, whose observations form the basis of this light critical sketch—"his horror and eager motion can only be described by such actors as Garrick *was* and Kemble *is!*"

We cannot close this article more appropriately than by an extract from the same Poem to which we are indebted for the motto.—

"When Roubiliac inspires the glowing stone,
And calls forth all the wonders of his art,
In mute astonishment his pow'rs we own,
Nor check the sigh that heaves the bursting heart.
Hold, Death! thy hand—that threaten'd stroke forbear!
The stroke yon grief-struck husband would repel;
Whose eye distraction marks, whose front despair,
Whose veins in agonising horror swell!
Mark! as the tide of ebbing life retires,
Thro' yon fair form, what well-feign'd languors creep,
While her fond, speechless lord, in death admires,
And clasps her sinking in eternal sleep?

RECORDS OF FASHION.

Humanity to grief would give the rule;
But stronger reason sides with Ridicule.—
ANON.

IF in some few short words, one were asked to describe the last *Month of Fashion*, one could not do better than by saying, as the title of Shakespear's play says, '*Much Ado about Nothing!*' With all the Assemblages of Nobility, Subscription and Non-subscription Concerts, Whip Clubs, Ministerial Carousings, Desperate Duellists, Adulteries, and Exhibitions, Civic Treats, &c. &c. &c.—still it is, even with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales in the "*centre box*" of our Argyle Institution, the heretofore '*Much Ado about Nothing.*'

The Whip-Club, however, are about to treat us with a *coup d'œil* exhibition of their driving dexterity: and Anacreon Moore, according to the Newspapers, is scampering to London in order to superintend some new literary publication.

To the loss of Drury-Lane Theatre, which deprives us of many excellent theatrical entertainments; and the Season of Lent, which ought to prohibit every thing but Salt Fish and Oratorios; and the late long Parliamentary Investigation, which prevented so many gentlemen from attending to any thing except Mrs. Clarke, we may mainly attribute the paucity of our recent fashionable relaxations. Hyde-Park still wears a most sombre aspect. Either most of our dashing fair-ones are not yet suited by the numerous purveyors of dashing attire, or else, in the words of the poet, they are mindful of the country whose

Spring is but the child
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire!

POPULAR PLEASURES.

Taste, that eternal wanderer! that flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.—
POPE.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

This most unfortunately dispersed Company of his Majesty's Dramatic Servants, after having enjoyed three Benefit Nights, by permission of Mr. Taylor, at the Opera House, are about to resume their Theatrical Performances, it is said, in the Lyceum Theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY.

After a long interval, during which some of our best plays have been performed, the managers of the Covent Garden Company have at length made an attempt at novelty, in a new comedy, called 'Independence, or the Trustee.'

Sir George Storm, an old baronet of humane and generous disposition but of an irascible temper, after adjusting some disputes with *Mr. Glenby*, his neighbour, promises to give him his daughter, *Ellen*, in marriage, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his friend *Harper*, who endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose. On discovering afterwards that an attachment subsisted between his daughter and *Herbert*, an adopted son, whom he had fostered from his infancy, he upbraids the latter with ingratitude, and bids him return to the humble cottage from which he had taken him, where he would find his real father, *Harrow*. By the intervention of *Balance*, however, who is brought before the

Baronet, charged with embezzling the property of *Mr. Glenby*, he discovers that the latter, who, on the death of his father-in-law, *Mr. Godfrey*, had succeeded to his estates, had imposed on the world by a feigned tale of his brother-in-law's death, whom he had hitherto kept on the continent by a specious story of his father having left him only a slender annuity on condition of his never returning to England: but love for *Jane*, the daughter of *Balance*, having overcome all objections in the mind of *Godfrey*, he returns to his native land, when he discovers the perfidy of his brother, and is reinstated in his right by means of a will remaining in the hands of *Balance*, the Trustee. On the appearance of *Godfrey*, whom *Balance* brings forward as a witness to confute the charges alleged against him, *Glenby* is exposed, and *Sir George* being reconciled to *Herbert* consents to his union with *Ellen*.

Such is the outline of the play before us, which is said to be from the pen of Mr. Allingham, the author of several popular farces.—Our readers will perceive that the fable, meagre and improbable as it is, had no incidents which could excite an interest in the minds of the auditors, and the dialogue had not merit to atone for the faults of the plot. Of all the absurdities which have ever been offered to the public, this is surely the most absurd. Authors, indeed, seem now to imagine, because the public have too frequently encouraged nonsense under various forms, that any thing is good enough for their entertainment, but we trust the mania is nearly over, and that the trash with which our theatres have been deluged of late, will hitherto be rejected with indignation by the persevering exertions of good sense and discernment. There must indeed be a dearth of dramatic talent if this was the best comedy the managers could procure; and in that case, they might be actuated by the same motives as a country manager we have heard of, who on being informed that a snow scene could be continued no longer, as all the white paper was expended, replied with some indignation, "if you can't *snow white paper* you must *snow brown*."

With respect to plot, the comedy before us possesses so little, that any person may forsee at the beginning what will be the conclusion of the play. The dialogue is also very defective, it has neither wit, humour, sentiment, or even pun to recommend it, but is absurd and vulgar in the highest degree; to hear a sensible man, as *Balance* is represented to be, talking about snuff and sugar-candy when a person comes to him on business is ridiculous, yet such is the only humour which this play can boast. The characters have no novelty; that of *Sir George Storm* is well known to the stage, it is the prototype of *Old Dornton*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and a hundred others, but it wants that nice discrimination which distinguish most of those characters, his petulence is too abrupt, and sometimes unnatural, and the language does not always correspond with the idea we are disposed to entertain of the Baronet's good sense. It by no means accords with his general character, also that he should persist in marrying his daughter to *Glenby*, when he perceives her aversion to the alliance, and his conversation too often wants the air of a gentleman, to support the dignity of the part. *Balance* the trustee, who is a grocer, tires us by incessantly talking of his shop, and that in terms which are rather disgusting than entertaining, nor can we discover any reason why he should be surprised at the arrival of *Godfrey*, when he was the only person who knew him to be living; his conversation with *Mr. Bundle*, his head clerk is tedious and absurd, and the character of his wife who is a kind of humble *Mrs. Malaprop*, is still more objectionable. *Harper*, the humble friend of *Sir George*, whose honesty leads him into perpetual disputes with his patron, her many family likenesses of the stage, and *Herbert*, *Glenby* and *Ellen*, are merely those makeweights which are thrown into every comedy. *Mr. Bundle*, *Balance's* head clerk, is one of those characters in which Liston is every thing, and the author nothing, but not even the excellence of his performance could render it very entertaining to the audience—his passion for *Jane*, and the woeful resolutions which he forms on being unsuccessful in his suit, were the only passages which seemed to afford any amusement.

Emery, in *Harper*, performed with considerable taste and judgment; and *Balance* gained every thing from Fawcett which it was capable of receiving, but the absurdities of the part were unconquerable. What, for instance, could be more ridiculous than the mummery of seeing him serve no less than four customers in one scene, the audience marked their disapprobation of it very justly.

The prologue was on the usual topic of supplication and mercy, in which was introduced a philippic against critics not very well calculated to put them in good humour, the last line only had any merit, and this arose from an allusion to the title of the play. The epilogue which described the fears and difficulties of an

author, on the production of his play, possessed some vivacity, and was well delivered by Mrs. H. Johnston. It was heard with considerable patience till the close, when the disapprobation of the audience became loud and general, and it was given out for repetition amidst a universal tumult of hisses and murmurs; yet we were told that it was received with applauses, and would be repeated every evening till further notice. It has, however, received the public's decided disapprobation, by its being entirely withdrawn.

REVIEW OF EVENTS.

War lays a burden on the reeling State,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight:
Successive loads succeeding broils impose;
And, sighing millions prophecy the close!—

COWPER.

Extraordinary things must be done: or, one of the Parties cannot stand as a Ministry; nor the other, even as an Opposition! They cannot change their situations, nor any useful coalition be made between them. I do not see the mode of it, nor the way to it. This aspect of things I do not contemplate with pleasure. EDMUND BURKE.

SARAGOSSA is fallen! the Gallic and Austrian armies are entering upon another summer of bloodshed! and Sweden is revolutionising!

While such is our continental prospective, while native patriotism is overwhelmed and ancient monarchies are annihilating, while these eventful things are passing around us, daily and hourly, what, turning inwards, is our Domestic Situation? Shrink though we may from the task, because, like bankrupts in business, we will not summon courage to look into our actual affairs, we must make up our minds, however reluctantly, either to submit to instant examination, or resign ourselves to impending destruction! Self-delusion cannot be perpetuated.

Thanks to Mr. Wardle! Yes, we have reason enough to thank him. It is not so much for exposing the connection between the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, nor even for his eventually compelling the late commander-in-chief to relinquish the only situation which rendered his exertions obnoxious to the people of this country, that I, in common with every independant man, anxious for the peace of this island, would principally thank Mr. Wardle. Half of his worth, and the greater half, remains to be told. Englishmen now know, practically instead of theoretically, their compatriots from their calumniators, their advocates from their antagonists, their friends from their foes. Have we not, as Cowper sings,

Have we not tracked the felon home; and found
His birth-place, and his dam?

But Mr. Wardle, say some, did nothing more than his duty. We know as much; and know, at the same time, that it is expressly on this score he merits to be thanked. Did only his duty! What if, indeed, all our public persons would only discharge their public duties? Mr. Wardle however did more, it is pretty clear, than no trifling number of his contemporary representatives thought it to be their duty to do. Some ancient notions of duty, antiquated conceptions of parliamentary principle, certainly discovered themselves on this important occasion. Oh, Messieurs Wardle and Whitbread! why did not ye live in days when, instead of buying seats in the senate, it was customary for constituents to beseech senators to represent them, and to defray, out of their own purses, the expences attending the discharge of this public duty? Oh, Lord Folkstone and Sir Francis Burdett! almost one might believe, from the transmigration of souls, that the spirits of a Russell and a Hampden were in you revisiting this earth.

Canterbury, and Glasgow, and Rochester, properly impressed with this splendid revival of our national character, have already hastened to tender Votes of Thanks to Mr. Wardle, and to his Patriotic Coadjutors. What will be the end of these things? The present Spirit of Voting is so rapidly progressive, that it will not, like Johnny Gilpin's horse, be easy to stop it at Edmonton.

Our government ministers are in no enviable situation. What with the upset of foreign affairs, and the mutterings of domestic discontent, wiser heads than they are thought to possess, supported by hearts quite as sound as they boast of possessing, would now find enough to think about and to perform! Plume themselves as they may, Lord Castlereagh did no great things for the Spanish Junta; nor did Spencer Perceval make the most judicious defence of the Duke of York. As to Secretary Canning (long as he sat at the feet of our late Cabinet Gamaliel!) Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Whitbread appear to keep him fully employed.

Sir David Dundas, successor in the recently resigned post of commander-in-chief, begins promisingly. His first official Orders, respecting the Service of Offices, regulating their gradations in the scale of military promotions, are creditable to the Horse Guards; and will, there is no doubt, impart general satisfaction throughout our Army, as well as tend essentially to its interior improvement.

Adultery, adulterers and adulteresses, is again rearing its "diminished head;" while duellists still contrive to elude the vigilance of our peace officers! Mr. Perceval, however, is supposed to be preparing his preventative against adultery; and as for duelling, much as we all deplore it, let us hope it may yet meet with some effectual check-string at the Old Bailey.

Reposing, as we do, implicit confidence in the success of our Naval Forces, where ever they can be placed in contact with those of our enemies, I regret to find that Lord Gambier, who is in Basque Roads, with ten sail of the line, remains involuntarily anchored, however advantageously, in a half-moon line of battle, within three miles of the French ships! This is a situation truly mortifying to the spirit of a British Fleet; but it is one, perhaps, from which even the daring genius of a Nelson could not extricate itself. Martinique surrenders to our naval prowess.

How are many persons "right glad" at the hope of more war between Austria and France! Let such men, however, and those whom their opinion sways, attend to the following anticipatory anecdote:—When Napoleon Bonaparte, while on his route to Erfurth, passed through Frankfort, he eminently noticed General Manfredini, one of the oldest generals there; and, at length, ended their conversation, by saying to him, "Your government, *Austria*, has occasion for repose, to heal her wounds, still bleeding from the late campaign. Let her cultivate peace. *Should madness urge her to war, annihilation must follow!*" I leave my readers to think.

Charity, we are told, begins at home; and, where charity begins, there ought Inquiry to go hand in hand. Were ever the energies of a mighty nation so palsied as are the energies of this nation? We are voluntarily inefficacious, we slumber over ruin. We either leap before we look, or we look without attempting to leap. Sufficient has been said, sufficient also written, to rouse us from our lethargy, both abroad and at home; but, till he who breathed upon the dry-bones shall reanimate the faculties of my contemporaries, it is said and written to no avail!

It is not for me, for what am I, to presume to admonish any "Illustrious Personages;" much less, as our new Chancellor of the Exchequer does, to reprove them. Were it permitted me, nevertheless, honestly to approach, by chance, some one of those illustrious personages, perhaps I might venture to explain, with the bard of my choice,—

> Folly such as yours,
> Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
> Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
> Our arch of empire stedfast but for you,
> A mutilated structure—soon to fall!

Wednesday, March 29th, 1809. NEMO.

The Work discontinued in this Form 9627 16 in the ensuing Number.—